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JUN 28 1933
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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 4049. Vol. 155
FOUNDED 1855

3 JUNE, 1933

SIXPENCE

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

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Notes of the Week

The Four Power Pact, the Disarmament Conference, the pending Economic Conference—there is no end to the instruments of peace and as one or the other is put to

Conferencitis work and proves rather perilous than helpful, fresh rumours of war sweep across the world. If the nations have lost confidence, it is the fault of their leaders. In this country if there was one statesman brave enough to lay down a definite policy, remembering that "when a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace," and to follow it with a single mind, he would have the whole weight of the nation behind him and confidence would be restored not only in this country but in the rest of the world. As it is, the hopelessness of the roundabout way in which vital problems are approached by the League of Nations is illustrated by the deadlock at Geneva.

We must know soon whether the British proposal, for what it may be worth, is shoved through somehow at Geneva, or whether

Still Searching there is to be a meaningless "mop-up" convention to cover the trivial points on which agreement has actually been reached. The other possibility—an adjournment—would be a grave blow to British prestige. But the one certainty is that the Disarmament and Economic Conferences cannot run concurrently. Staff and responsible Ministers cannot be found for both. And the best hope of

some tangible agreement may be found in a French consideration that the opportunity of getting a re-arming Germany under some supervision and control had better not be jettisoned. A hope, perhaps, nearly as chimerical as the amiable and impracticable ideas on which the projects and formulæ of Disarmament are founded.

The anniversary of the Battle of Jutland has come and gone. It was hailed with boastful rejoicings over a "victory" in Germany; it was only remarkable in England for a slightly grimmer silence of the Silent Service. It is not, in fact, one of the triumphs (incontestable as our victory was) that we, as yet, rate most highly. And, *more nostro*, we don't sing and dance a great deal even on Trafalgar Day. Perhaps we have not even yet recovered from the horrid shocks delivered at the time by Lord Balfour's Admiralty announcement of our victory—shocks given by a chilly officialism which suggested disaster and defeat and by a staggering list of loss in capital ships and men. Besides, the German High Seas Fleet got away—another shock for land-lubbers who were not in the battle. Perhaps the rotten controversies that have raged round Jutland, the Beatty-Jellicoe argument, the question of the half-turn, the disputes about the signals—perhaps all this has sickened us of the subject. But we do at least remember that Jutland was the last seen or heard of the German High Seas Fleet—except miserable mutiny and humiliating surrender. And do not let us be so foolish as to suppose, "rejoicings" or no, that good Germans do not also remember this.

Jutland and After

Two remarkable speeches distinguished the dinner given in honour of Judge Bingham, the new American Ambassador, by the Pilgrims. The Prince of Wales, who always speaks well, made a real oration, instinct with common sense and inspired by a lofty idealism. He spoke not only of relations between Great Britain and America, but also of unemployment and poverty. He touched Pilgrim hearts and moved Pilgrim minds. And he gave his cue to Mr. Bingham, who, proving himself a very real orator, delivered an address not only filled with sincere idealism—plus a certain emotionalism which he brought across the Atlantic to lighten our cold and insular restraint—but illumined by definite statements (almost pledges) made in words and phrases which had been studied with care.

* *

What was most interesting in the Ambassador's speech, apart from the well-phrased sincerity which informed it, was his account of how America, as a whole, had been taught by bitter experience the lesson, which has been ignored

**And
a Few
Parsnips**

for so long, that no country can be a seller without buyers or pursue selfish aims with material success. He spoke of a radical change of heart and of mind, and was honest enough to ascribe it in large part to selfish and materialistic persuasions. Well, we shall see. The proof of this pudding will be in the eating, and the American Ambassador, for all his enthusiasms, will not expect us to believe without proof or to rush sobbing with gratitude into the arms which have repulsed and let us down so often. The little matter of The Debt stands in the way, even if a definite approach from Washington be confidently expected in Downing Street. So do disarmament, security, and tariffs. These are lions in the path. And our sane course is to scrutinise very carefully, if sympathetically, any proposals, suggestions, or arguments which cross the Atlantic in a concrete and practical form.

* *

What the Bishop of Birmingham regards as "a retrograde step towards religious barbarism" has

**In Sickness
and
In Health**

been taken by a resolution of the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury. It gave general approval to a service for unction and the laying on of hands as a means of healing the sick. Of course the whole subject is controversial and has been so long before the Joint Committee, whose report was before Convocation, was dreamed of. And of course Dr. Barnes had no difficulty in making a cogent case for his point of view. Such a service suggests not only Lourdes, with all its pathos of hopes and disappointments, but a degree

of superstition which affronts the modern mind educated in the science of medicine. And yet—

* *

And yet we do not know anything much, doctor or sage or layman. The schools of modern psychology imagine they have the hang of it in their pursuit of mind and spirit and self and the sub-conscious; some of the most faithful have an

**The
Unknown
Good**

actual confidence which means as much to them as a clinical thermometer means to a Ward Sister or a scalpel to a surgeon; the "quacks" still cure in strange ways by strangely unorthodox and unbelievable means. What it all means really is that sanctified oil and priestly hands bring to many who suffer, spiritual confidence and relief (great allies for the doctor!), and to others an actual improvement in the morbid condition of their ailing bodies. For the spiritual good alone the Church is justified of its new experiment. For the material rest, the Archbishop of Canterbury was right when he said "there are more things, perhaps, in Heaven and earth than have been contemplated by even that wide range of science of which the Bishop of Birmingham is a master." Let us leave it at that.

* *

Tourists, who have been defined as other people on holiday, are responsible for much change, good and bad, in our social life. One of the least expected results of the traffic is the abolition of brigandage in Corsica. The French have been developing the island as a holiday resort, and it seems that tourists as a class prefer safety first to the dangerous life. So the last of the bandits is safely in prison, and hikers may hike in peace. Banditry in the island in old days may have had an aspect of "rough justice" in the absence of any other form of law, but it sank to a sordid business of blackmail and potting victims from behind a rock for what might be in their pockets. There is nothing here for sentiment or regret. The world still has plenty of colour and romance for those who have eyes to see—and plenty of brigands in other walks of life.

* *

What would the feasts of Lucullus, Trimalchio and the imperial gourmets of Rome have been like if cold storage had been invented in their day? The question is suggested by the news, which comes

**More and
Better
Lobsters**

plumb in the middle of their season and ours, that lobsters, by a new method, can be frozen in South Africa and guaranteed to deceive the very elect a month later into thinking that they were, as the strawberry vendors put it, "morning gathered." This is excellent news and we wish all success to the new branch of Empire trade. South

Africans maintain that the local lobster has to be eaten to be believed: others that the best come from the Western shores of Ireland. Before the war the local price on the coast of Mayo was half-a-crown a dozen and big ones at that! Has the local method of dressing ever been tried in England—stewed in milk with potatoes, with Irish whisky stirred in by the hardier natives? Here is a free tip to an enterprising English restaurant.

* *

Our dramatic critic writes of "Gallows Glorious," the play by Ronald Gow now running at the Shaftesbury Theatre: "A little more than a week ago, an excited audience showed their appreciation of Mr. Ronald Gow's 'Gallows Glorious.' And their successors are still enthusiastic. It is indeed an intensely dramatic play, written by a man with a fine sense of dramatic values, ably supported by a competent and sympathetic cast. And it successfully transported one critical imagination to the Adirondacks, the Virginia Border and the Potomac, and made the slavery question that was raging there a real and burning issue."

**John
Brown's
Soul**

"It is the story of John Brown whose soul goes marching on and of whom Emerson wrote as 'The Saint, whose fate yet hangs in suspense, but whose martyrdom, if it be perfected, will make the gallows glorious like the Cross.' The action takes place in less than a year and the suspense grows and grows until the last great scene. Wilfred Lawson's performance as John Brown is quite remarkable, both for its strength and its restraint. Had the play been less good, had the best of the cast been less competent, it would still have been well worth seeing for this interpretation alone. Nancy Hornsby, as John Brown's daughter, Richard Warner, as one of the four sons, Sam Henry, as a negro who is saved by John Brown, all deserve a 'mention in despatches.' A happy product of the Arts Theatre Club, 'Gallows Glorious' is one of the still intermittent hopes of English drama."

* *

So, like a Committee, we are to exercise the power to add to our members and, according to the best information, one of the new six-penny weeklies that are canvassed so often will actually be forthcoming. If it be indeed devoted to the causes of Individualism and Books, it will at least serve a dual purpose, and in so far as it brings a new star into the weekly firmament it may make the more of us the merrier. At all events, an encouraging sign of some recrudescence in Letters and a gesture of optimism for which we should all be grateful.

**A
New
Bedfellow**

The tercentenary of the birth of Sebastien Le Prestre de Vauban, the great military engineer, was celebrated in Paris this week. It may be doubted whether there has ever been a greater designer and builder of fortifications, and indeed he seems to have had a certain prevision of scientific warfare. At any rate the heaviest German shells could do no more than scratch the outer surface of one of his masterpieces, the citadel of Verdun, and it is scarcely conceivable that any explosives will ever be capable of destroying that mighty fortress bored out in the living rock. Fifteen inch shells might wreck some masonry and shift a few tons of rock, but they could produce no serious effect.

* *

The *Veterinary Journal* has lighted upon a mystery. The removal of a floor-board in a house at Bungay exposed rows of horse skulls neatly arranged, each skull with the incisor teeth firmly resting on a block of wood or stone and the boards above pressing upon it. The house is supposed to have been standing before 1688 when Bungay was almost destroyed by fire and no one has yet suggested any rational explanation why the floor of a room should rest on some thirty or forty horse skulls and it scarcely seems a problem for the veterinary surgeon. Perhaps an occultist or anthropologist might throw light on this odd incident.

* *

If it is not fair to say that the Southern Railway learns nothing and forgets nothing, it has another Bourbon characteristic, for it takes singularly little interest in the manners and customs of those who supply its revenue. Two small points suggest themselves. We are promised summer tickets, for the holidays, at the cost of two thirds of the ordinary return fare. But there is a catch in this. This holiday arrangement applies to "all the principal stations"! Why, why, why should those of us who prefer the sequestered glades of Potlington Parva to the Brighton beach in August have to pay for our eccentricity? Secondly, why are there practically no seats on the arrival platforms at Waterloo? Elderly invalids from Bournemouth—which is the haven of such—have to stand about while porters search, sometimes in vain, for their baggage. Again, why?

* *

The Road Traffic (Emergency Treatment) Bill which Lord Moynihan has introduced in the House of Lords deserves the support of more than the medical profession. It provides that doctors and hospitals shall be entitled to recover reason-

**Road
Accidents**

able remuneration from motor-car owners for first aid treatment rendered to any victim of a road accident. Doctors who live near perilous cross-roads often complain that continually they administer first aid and receive no remuneration for their services. Nor are doctors the only sufferers. A certain house at a cross-roads in Gloucestershire had to take in so many accident cases that the mistress of the house was reduced to a nervous wreck and was compelled to change her residence.

**

Some time back the police set a ban on the multitude of flag days in London, which was becoming a nuisance to the average citizen, and authorised no more than a certain number for charitable objects with which everyone sympathised.

Flag Days

Now it would seem that the restrictions have been relaxed; for nearly every day brings its flag day and the passer-by is perpetually worried by the shaking of collection boxes and the offer of paper badges of every description. Surely this is bad business for many of the charities concerned. The man who has been compelled to purchase a flower one day, a monkey mascot the next, and a paper badge the next is liable to be seized with hostility for all flag days and to pass the collector with a frown of refusal, be she never so charming. There are certain flag days that no one would wish to see abolished, and these are just the ones which suffer through the unreasonable multiplication of street collections.

**

The Cryogenic laboratory at Leyden have now managed to obtain a temperature only $\frac{3}{8}$ deg. F.

Absolute Cold

above the absolute zero, at which a substance would have lost all the heat it possesses. The interesting point is that this has been achieved by an altogether novel technique, namely magnetizing and demagnetizing various salts, and not by the rapid evaporation of liquified helium gas. The previous low temperature record was 1.3 deg. F., achieved about 5 years ago by Keesom in the same laboratory. In England, very little work has been done in this branch of science, but quite lately two laboratories have been equipped and perhaps results will be obtained in a few years.

**

Since so much of our butter is now imported, it is extremely important to know whether the vitamin content of these supplies is equal to that of English butter. The Imperial Medical Research Council have therefore done work of national importance in investigating this question. Their recently issued report makes interesting reading. It appears that both Australian and New Zealand butter may be purchased with confidence, since

Imperial Vitamins

they contain the various vitamins in amounts equal to those of butter made in this country from cows stalled during the winter, but given cod liver oil daily. The breed of the cattle, the district in which they are fed, the process of churning or storing at low temperatures affect the vitamin content very little. All this is very satisfactory, since far too often questions of price take precedence over questions of quality.

**

Statistics regarding the number of students in attendance at our Universities have just been issued. Altogether there are now about 36,000 men and about 13,000 women in full-time attendance.

A Spate of Students

These are distributed about equally in London (23 per cent.) Oxford and Cambridge (21 per cent.), the provincial Universities (21 per cent.), and Scotland (23 per cent.). Over four thousand students came from overseas. The numbers are still rapidly increasing, as usually happens during periods of economic depression when jobs are not as numerous as before. It is to be hoped that we shall not witness in this country the growth of an "unemployed intellectual proletariat," a development which is one of the features of present-day Germany. It is asserted by Germans that trained professional men cannot hope to earn their living before they are thirty or thirty-five, and some of the Antisemitic feeling can undoubtedly be traced to the irritation which is caused by the fact that many Jews seem to have jobs.

**

Several of the London constituencies where the servant problem is acute have found in the present

Self-help for "helps"

hard times a method of benefiting would-be employer and employed. Fed up with the innumerable servants' registries and their fees, local Tories are applying to the social workers running Conservative Associations, for names of suitable Conservative daily-helps as "chars" now like to be called. It is good for everyone: and a real answer to the Tammany method of the trade union or "Co-op" in Labour's control. And most of us prefer to give a day's work to a Tory wanting it. Why the House of Lords ever prevented the L.C.C. obtaining the requisite powers to supervise effectually bogus registry offices no one ever understood. It cut out the clause in a general powers Bill two years back.

**

Sunshine and Shadow

While June goes flaming through a sunlit land
And roses flower in every English hedge
The statesman lifts a hesitating hand
To sign a Pact or "implement" a pledge.

In a recent report the Chief Veterinary Inspector for Glasgow stated that 14 1/2 per cent. of the milk samples tested by him contained virulent tubercle bacilli and that many infected cows were sent to the city market for sale. This is only one of many reports drawing attention to the same disastrous state of things. At a time when the whole question of the milk supply is under revision it is vitally important that a situation which is a disgrace to this country should be dealt with and that some control should be imposed to deal with the ravages of tuberculous infection. The question is being discussed by the members of veterinary societies throughout the kingdom and definite recommendations will be sent to the National Veterinary Medical Association with a view to united action. This country is far behind its neighbours in this matter and a complete eradication of this fatal scourge is within the limits of practical policy.

Milk and T.B.

* *

If legislation, now under departmental consideration, is passed in Ontario, then there will be no more weddings in the air. Also they will refuse to allow marriages to be solemnised in theatres for the purpose of increasing box office receipts. That such things can happen in these enlightened years shows just how enlightened they are. Especially, it would seem, in the country across the Atlantic. The latest craze, now that flagpole sitting is out of fashion as a money-making concern, is coffin-lying. There is a man who lies four feet underground at Denville, New Jersey. He is fed, and watched through a stove-pipe. People are paying to watch him as he lies there for forty days and people are paying handsome sums for the privilege.

Not much better than painting ourselves with gaudy stripes, putting rings through our noses and otherwise behaving as savages, is it?

* *

There is nothing like beginning a week with plenty of excitement and Monday's papers had some real news, apart from politics and world affairs. Rodosto was struck out of the Derby and Mr. Cochran, after one performance, had decided to withdraw Clemence Dane's Brontë play when it had run for a week. There is one reflection common to both these "good stories"—as the journalist would label them. We shall never know whether Rodosto would have won the Derby or whether "Wild Decembers" might not have survived the rivalry of another Brontë play and run like "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." As a notable contribution to the philosophy of vexing questions "you never can tell,"

Unanswered Questions

As for the concurrent Brontë plays, they illustrate the herd instinct, which operates in literature or drama as forcefully as it does in more material forms of human activity. Mr. Rudolph Besier has a grand success by making a play out of the Barrett family and the poet, Browning. So the biographies of other "littery gents" are thumbed for similar material. Mr. Edgar Wallace strikes oil with "The Ringer." So he and the school which takes after him set to work to ring the changes. We shall have a Byron Play and a Dickens Play—we have already had Scott—and a Thackeray play before we are done with it. Then someone will "touch lucky" with a play about George Bernard Shaw. And only the law of libel will put an end to that sort of thing. The theatre might be damned, like the humanity which is its life-blood, by original sin.

* *

A Genuine Trouble

[“Whatever your trouble—write to Viola Tree about it.”—*Sunday Dispatch*.]

When I first saw this generous invitation in the *Sunday Dispatch*

I thought there must be some catch,
For surely Viola Tree
Could not conceivably want to hear from me
About my private affairs,
Or those small daily worries and cares
Which nevertheless can
Even more than the big ones thoroughly upset a man.

I could not for instance bring myself to think
That if I had written to her about the stopping up
of our kitchen sink
Which occurred this morning
Without any warning
I should feel any better
When in due course I received from her a doubtless
charming letter

So (as they are not so preoccupied in the summer)
I just sent hopefully for a plumber.
That I should appear to Miss Tree to be ungrateful
Is to me however positively hateful,
And I almost wish some real trouble would occur
About which I *could* write to her,
For to my mind

It seems very unkind
Studiously to ignore

A lady's invitation to write to her even if she has
been a stranger to you heretofore.

I am sure the invitation is genuine—I don't for a
moment doubt it—

“Whatever your trouble—write to Viola Tree about it.”

Whatever my trouble? By Jove! that's an idea!
—Half a minute!

I will write her a letter, for now I know how to
begin it.

Yes, at last I see a way out.

“Dear Miss Tree” (I shall say) “my trouble is
WHAT to write to you about!”

W. HODGSON BURNET,

Sir Arnold Wilson's Attack on Lady Houston And Her Reply

SIR ARNOLD WILSON, the Conservative candidate at the Hitchin by-election, has attacked Lady Houston on a pamphlet written by her and circulated in the division.

The following message from Hitchin has been published in the *Evening Standard* :—

"A pamphlet written by Lady Houston is being circulated in this division, where a by-election is in progress. It attacks the Prime Minister and alleges that he is "working for the disruption of the Empire by the base betrayal of India." The pamphlet adds that when Tories were Tories and loved their country, this truckling would not have been possible.

Sir Arnold Wilson, the Conservative candidate, states that the pamphlet is being circulated without his knowledge or authority.

"I can only say," he adds, "that I regard it as politically unwise and not in good taste to lavish abuse on the Prime Minister of almost the only free country in the world when he is about to attend one of the most important gatherings the world has ever known.

"I am by no means satisfied that the Indian proposals before Parliament are adequate, but the last thing I would do would be to commit myself to literature of this type."

Lady Houston's Answer to Sir Arnold Wilson's Criticism

Lady Houston has read Sir Arnold Wilson's objection to her pamphlets being circulated in Hitchin.

She would like to state that none of these are

Election pamphlets. They were written some time ago and have been circulated in other places.

Lady Houston does not agree with Sir Arnold Wilson in saying that she should not criticise the Prime Minister because he is about to attend one of the most important gatherings the World has ever known—for she believes that the people should be told the truth at all times, and she maintains that the Betrayal of India by the White Paper is a million times more serious and important to the people of England and India than any of these Conferences—that generally end in smoke. For if we lose India it will adversely affect the welfare not only of all of us in England by *destroying the British Empire*—but of every nation in the world by giving Bolshevism a firm footing in the East.

Sir Arnold Wilson calls what Lady Houston has written about the Prime Minister "abuse," but this is absolutely untrue because she has only written the truth. And if she has written one word that is not true she would be the first to wish to apologise. But—unfortunately for England—all her criticisms of the Prime Minister are proven facts and no one can dispute them.

Because she writes the truth some people say that Lady Houston is violent. But if the truth is violent, is that Lady Houston's fault?

The Real Cause of World Unsettlement

By "Kim"

IN these days of squeamish stomachs and a policy of grovel to the United States Government and people, we are in imminent danger of being blinded by the incessant smoke-screen of verbosity released by various publicists. Recently Mr. Norman Davis, the unofficial United States Ambassador of President Roosevelt, has been active in throwing such a smoke-screen over, and he is, as might be expected, aided and abetted by our fatuous Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, a man who in his present post constitutes a real menace to our national safety. It is a post, I

would remind the reader, into which he was jockeyed by the precious Baldwin pact, whereby although the electorate of this country returned the Conservatives by an enormous majority to restore our national prestige and financial stability, this Liberal lawyer politician, with all the tergiversation common to the breed, was placed in the highly responsible post of safeguarding British interests abroad. What a farce it all is!

Just under a fortnight ago all Europe was agog to hear what proposals the American President was prepared to offer to save the Disarmament

Conference from collapse. The stage was duly set for the great scene in Geneva's Palace of Shams—for which we taxpayers have mainly the privilege of paying—and Mr. Norman Davis made his anxiously awaited contribution. After a few aphorisms such as that the time has passed when each State should be the sole judge of its armaments, Mr. Roosevelt's pet ambassador duly made his "offer." It came to this. If a substantial reduction of armaments could be effected by international agreement, the United States would be willing "to consult with other States in case of a threat to peace, with a view to averting a conflict."

Willing to consult! If anyone can obtain scant comfort from that much "concession," he is truly easily pleased. Mr. Davis went on to say that if the States in conference determined that a State had been guilty of a breach of the peace and took measures against the violator, the United States *might* in certain given circumstances "refrain from any action tending to defeat such collective efforts which the States may thus make to restore peace." If it means anything at all it is simply that the United States may be agreeable not to preserve a benevolent neutrality to the violator of peace, but it does not mean that the United States will do more than remain neutral. Even then such action will only be "if we concur in the judgment rendered" by the League.

IF!

That is what it amounts to—all "ifs" and "buts." As a guarantee it is not worth a fig, and the French, who are the great realists of Europe, at once indicated that they regarded these guarantees as being of almost no use to them. But back home flies our precious Foreign Secretary, who tells the House of Commons that America has promised to do a great deal towards stopping a war of aggression. Quite clearly she has undertaken nothing whatsoever, and has merely uttered a pious hope that the nations shall further disarm—she herself has not led the way—and in certain circumstances might conceivably follow a possible line of conduct.

Even that little may easily be whittled away. The Senate who repudiated President Wilson and left us to nurse his Geneva brat may equally well repudiate President Roosevelt if they or Congress think fit. It is surprising that the great majority of Conservatives in the House, who ought by now to realise they are being dished by our "National" Ministers one after the other, have not raised any big question on the subject. The Press, with few exceptions, seem to be as smug and blind to realities as our politicians.

What is the reason of this sinister inertness? I can only imagine it is due to a desire to do nothing to mar the anticipated glories of the World's Economic Congress, on the cards to meet in London shortly. What we as a nation are going to get out of it I confess I cannot see. We know that the United States, having placed the barrier of an immense tariff wall on imports and thus restricted her exports, is anxious to lower foreign tariffs on her goods and to give as little in return

as she is able to persuade other nations to take. We know this is more or less the attitude of the other Powers who will attend the Conference. We know also that our tariffs are for the most part not only not restrictive but scarcely protective, and any further reduction will cause them to vanish to such a fine point that it will need a magnifying glass to discover them.

There might have been some gain to us if we had introduced tariffs approaching the same level as America or France or if we had intimated our intention of doing so unless they lowered their tariffs on our goods, and at the same time stopped their shipping subsidies, which are ruining our carrying trade. All we have done is to make a series of black Trade Pacts. The most we are likely to get out of the World's Economic Conference is the payment of their hotel bills by the delegates, unless of course the Government pay them, which they are quite altruistic enough to do.

Sir John Simon causes every intelligent Englishman the most profound concern. He not only attempts to twist Mr. Norman Davis' pledge that the United States will do exactly as she pleases in the next war into a pretence that she offers some guarantee to stand by the League she will not join, but he seizes the occasion a few days later to sell our Navy. That is not too strong a term to employ. On May 26th the Foreign Secretary in Geneva announced the re-adoption of the notorious Geneva Protocol of 1924, which threatens to surrender the control of the British Navy to an international body. If we are going complacently to tread the path of sacrificing our defences and our resources to the whims of a polyglot assembly of often hostile Powers and jealous small nations, we may well ask where we shall stop.

The real cause of world unsettlement lies *au fond* in these and similar happenings. The world is in distress, and there is no confidence, because there is to-day no great nation which has the urge to lead the world and the justice inborn to do the right thing. The United States, secretly rejoicing in our downfall, and intending to hold us in thrall for a debt we incurred for the benefit of humanity, has thus far worked selfishly and solely for her own aggrandisement. She has never been inspired by noble or disinterested motives, and the nations do not trust her. France, Germany, Italy and Russia as world guides can all be left out of account for various reasons. Britain alone is capable of restoring confidence, but when the world sees a Britain feverishly disarming and leaving herself naked so that in a war she might be crushed almost immediately, what dependence can be reposed in her? When they see her taxed to the very hilt in peace time and governed by men who kow-tow to Washington, Paris, Berlin and Rome in turn, and are inspired by some sublime motive to destroy the Empire at its very heart, they realise that a spark may set the world ablaze and that Britain, once the rock of the oppressed may perish, as Athens, Rome and Carthage perished in their day. Coming events cast their shadows before, and world confidence will not be restored until or unless Britain once again resumes her rôle of a great ruling Power.

The Impossibility of Isolation

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE catch-word that a statesman coins, like the evil that he does, has an unfortunate habit of living after him, and particularly has this been the case with the phrase "splendid isolation" which the late Marquess of Salisbury put into circulation. It has been responsible for more deviations from the plain path of national duty than almost any other so-called political principle of our time, and it probably precipitated the late war by preventing the conclusion of that close alliance with France which alone could have given pause to Germany. British public opinion has been brought up in the belief that it was possible for this country to remain indifferent to what was happening on the mainland of Europe, and by the time it realised that this was not so it was already too late.

In effect, we never were isolated, and our situation was the reverse of splendid. Successive ministers buried their heads in the sand, and because such a position not unnaturally limited their vision they declared that they could not see any reason for adopting a different attitude. The consequence of this was that when the South African War came in 1899 Great Britain had not a friend in Europe, and a coalition of the other Powers against her was only prevented owing to her supremacy at sea (since sacrificed on the altar of Anglo-American "friendship"), and to the chivalry of the Czar.

Our Obsolete Frontier

If isolation was impossible a generation ago it is infinitely more so to-day. The aeroplane has rendered the Channel obsolete as the frontier of Britain, and that frontier is now certainly no further West than the Rhine, and it may even prove to be the Vistula. Those who talk of the British Empire as a self-contained unit that can be isolated from the rest of the world are imagining a vain thing. So long as the centre of that Empire is an island within a few minutes reach by air of the North-West coast of Europe, so long will it be vitally affected by all that takes place on the mainland.

The United States was until the other day obsessed with the same delusion. Washington warned his fellow-countrymen against the danger of "entangling alliances," and they followed his instructions as if they had been Holy Writ. With the utmost reluctance they entered the late war, but in spite of the fact that the peace was largely, and the League of Nations wholly, their handiwork, they refused to accept responsibility for either. The French, who saw matters with a practical Latin eye, suggested an alliance between the Anglo-Saxon Powers and themselves to preserve the stability of the new Europe. Great Britain and America, still pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of isolation, refused, and so rendered both security and disarmament impossible,

Since that time the world has grown, not larger, but smaller. The slump which began in 1929 had its roots on the Continent, and even the United States realised that it could not afford to remain indifferent to European affairs when it had so much capital sunk in Germany, so we had the Hoover moratorium. Where a man's treasure is there is his heart also, we are told, and in these days of international finance that does not leave much room for a policy of isolation. There are at this moment millions of people in the most desperate circumstances in Great Britain and America who have never even heard of the collapse of the German banks which precipitated the catastrophe.

The Only Way

Such being the case it is devoutly to be hoped that there will not be any further attempts on the part of statesmen either in London or in Washington to pursue a policy of isolation. There is, it may be added, no danger of this in Paris or Rome, where illusions of this type are not entertained. The world cannot afford any more British Prime Ministers like Gladstone and Salisbury, whose indifference to the affairs of Europe ensured German domination, or American Presidents like Coolidge and Hoover, who were always ready to interfere, but would never shoulder any part of the burden.

The invention of steam probably put an end to any hope of material isolation on the part of this country, but in the political sphere we have, to all intents and purposes, had a land frontier ever since we signed the Locarno Pact. Unless, therefore, we propose to treat that agreement as "a scrap of paper" we shall continue to be united to Europe in the eye of international law. It is true that this document is only concerned with the Eastern frontier of France and Belgium, but the acts which result in a *casus foederis* on the Rhine are more than likely to have their origin on the Danube or in the Polish Corridor. Whether we like it or not, and a great many people do not like it, what happens in Dantzig may affect Great Britain as vitally as what takes place in Birmingham or Glasgow.

Dead Policies

These facts are generally admitted, but the implications of them are not always faced. British and American statesmen may admit in public that isolation is impracticable, but that does not stop them from every now and then casting a longing glance over their shoulders at the abandoned doctrine. "The commonest error in politics," once wrote a British Prime Minister, "is sticking to the carcasses of dead policies." Even when they are admitted to be dead, their souls have a habit of marching on, like the immortal part of the lamented Mr. John Brown.

If the lesson of history, then, is that Great Britain cannot remain indifferent to the affairs of

the Continent, it also is that when she resolutely takes a share in them they go well. Strong Foreign Secretaries like Canning have contributed to the preservation of peace in a way that was quite impossible for weak ones such as Aberdeen and Clarendon. In short, there is less likelihood of war when this country takes the lead in Europe, than when it pretends that the Continent is not its concern, and then finds that it must participate in the hostilities which have begun largely owing to its casual attitude.

In fine, we are committed to intervention, in one

form or another, and we must make the best of it. If we try to ignore our obligations we shall only be termed, and rightly, *perfidie Albion* once more, for it was our hesitation between isolation and intervention that earned us this reproach in the past. There is no middle course possible. Either we, and the United States, must set our shoulders to the wheel during the next few months, or we must prepare ourselves, after living for a brief space in a fools' Paradise, for participation in a struggle which may well be the Peloponnesian War of modern civilisation.

That Quaint Conceit, The Mayfly Carnival

By Guy C. Pollock

JUST about now that extremely interesting and utterly beautiful creature, the Mayfly, should in thousands be going through its one day progression from birth to death on nearly all the trout streams of Southern England. As a matter of fact, the oddities of our weather brought the fly up prematurely and it may now be nearly over. At all events, one incompetent angler spent some maddening hours ten days ago trying to catch most reluctant trout amid a swarm of Mayflies and a thunderstorm, backed by a down-stream gale from the north.

But that is very often the way of what is so often written of as "The Mayfly Carnival." This genial idea that almost any fool who can chuck a fly can catch large trout with a Mayfly, because at such a time the fish are demented by greed, is a pure delusion. I have known days—particularly one day on the Windrush—when for an hour or two normally cunning trout have become disordered in their minds by reason of their passion for this particular fly. And it is true that when this happens any skilled fisher for trout should be able to do notable deeds of killing. But hours like these are almost as rare as the act of drawing a horse in the Calcutta or Irish sweepstakes. Certainly the Mayfly causes fish to make rings on the surface of the water; it does not prevent them from making rings round the inefficiency of the murderer who would take their lives. Too often they are either bulging at the nymph under water, merely drowning the fly with some part of their vile bodies, or just eating one in thirty of the flies which pass over their fastidious heads.

This Fish, That Fish

Then one begins calmly and skilfully in the effort to do to death the first good feeding fish. After wasting half an hour over him without getting him to rise at any one of the half dozen patterns that one has tried, one sighs gently, murmurs "damn" in a non-committal voice, and goes on to the next fish. He comes up twice, the first time with a noisy splash, the next time with an

almost imperceptible bubble. But one does not so much as prick him in the side of the lip—much less hit him a crack on the jaw which leaves him with a headache for a week.

So one goes on to the next fish. And at this stage the madness which should have overtaken the trout overtakes the angler. He passes through the stage of cracking nerves held in a vice of self-control to a flustered hysteria, and, finally, to an infatuated obsession which renders him incapable of casting a fly lightly or accurately, of striking without fuss and fury, or of handling any fish which may, by some strange accident, have fastened itself to his fly. He is now quite undone.

A Tragi-Comedy

This is the more accurate picture of what happens during "The Mayfly Carnival." But the fly itself remains, a lovely and, as I think, pathetic instance of God's handiwork. I do not care whether the average Mayfly lives for one day or for two. Its life is limited to hours, and the whole tragi-comedy of human existence is mirrored in it. Love or desire is its motive power from beginning to end. In the process of birth beneath the water and adolescence to the surface it is preyed upon by trout and other fishes; as it dries its wings and slowly sheds its envelope, floating down the stream, it is preyed upon by trout and other fishes and swooping birds; if it escapes these perils and reaches the bank of the river after passing to maturity it begins that crazy dance in the air, male with female, which is the crowning joy of brief existence—marriage, procreation, and satisfaction. And then, exhausted by its dance, as the nightingale may break his heart in spilling out his song, the Mayfly falls dying on the stream to make a further meal for fish or bird.

These be sad and sobering thoughts. Meanwhile if the company of anglers believe that they will assassinate the largest trout because the Mayfly has deprived these trout of reason, let them believe it. I don't.

Hearing or Visualisation

By M. Pardoe

NOT long ago a young composer of the modern school sat down at the piano, and after playing for a short time, asked my candid opinion of the music.

I replied quite frankly that I found it a very nasty noise. He was—as I expected him to be—hurt, bewildered, and annoyed. Hurt because he valued my opinion, bewildered because he knew that my taste in music is educated and exceedingly catholic, and annoyed because not all his arguments could shake my decision about the sounds which he had produced for my hearing.

It is the word "Hearing" which forms the crux of the argument—for after listening attentively and without bias to a great deal of modern music, I have come to the conclusion that many composers are not in any way concerned with sound as the average listener hears it; but are moving in a strange world of mathematical concepts and visualised note forms, which is theirs alone.

There have always been three great aspects of music—the Creative, the Interpretive, and the Receptive. The composer in whose mind a musical masterpiece is born, need not be competent to perform it himself; nor need the ability to sing to perfection a great operatic aria demand an equal facility for musical composition. But for the completion of their art, composer and interpretive musician alike require a listener, who need not possess all the qualities of the other two before he can adequately fulfil his functions.

The listener may be more or less musically educated, or he may be musically appreciative without ever having had any opportunity of musical study, but in either case the very word "listener" presupposes that his function is to use his ears to hear rather than his eyes to see, his hands to feel, or his mind to visualise.

The exercise of one function may, and very often does, stimulate another; but first and foremost the listeners business is to listen.

It is open to anyone to argue that what he hears, and what his neighbour hears may be absolutely different; the educated musician can enjoy and appreciate music which is beyond the range of the man in the street; all new forms of music are apt to be branded as ugly until use has accustomed the ears of the public to them. In these arguments there is truth, but not the whole truth, for there remains the inescapable fact that there have been in the world certain sounds, sights, scents and feelings which most men have found beautiful, and others which they have considered ugly. Their variations and gradations have been infinite, but broadly speaking they have remained pleasing or unpleasant; it is a small minority who have found them otherwise.

Having been brought up in a world where sunset and sunrise, moving waters, the scent of gorse, wind through the corn, the song of a bird and the laughter of a child have been considered things of beauty; where the honking of cars, the

screaming of parrots, the jerry-built bungalow; and the stench of sulphur fumes have been considered unpleasing or ugly; it is only natural that when a series of notes are played, which reminds us of motor horns, parrots and trains, we should find such sounds ugly rather than beautiful.

The composer may argue "Can't you see how interesting this is?" playing a passage in diminished seconds. Or "Look at this progression, it's so amusing."

Those who appreciate music as sound reply "We are not looking, we are hearing. Having only studied music from interpretive and auditory aspects, the form and progression of the chords have little meaning for us apart from what we hear, and what we have just heard is ugly."

So we come back to the title "Hearing or Visualisation." It seems an undoubted fact that many modern musicians do not concern themselves with sound. In writing music they are primarily interested in form, and have a mental picture of the look of the music rather than a mental concept of the sound.

If, incidentally, the sound is agreeable, well and good; but if disagreeable they remain supremely unconcerned. To them the weaving of a note pattern by a new mathematical note formation, and its subsequent appearance either on paper or as a mental picture, is all that matters. This attitude, whether conscious or unconscious, is reflected in their reaction to interpreted music. They seem to be quite unaware sometimes if a singer or even an instrumentalist is out of tune. This was most noticeable in a recent musical festival, where in both the solo work and in the unaccompanied choral pieces, the pitch was never tested; nor was the inability of the performers in some cases to keep to the set key apparently taken into consideration by the adjudicators. In many cases choirs dropped as much a tone or more without any adverse criticism. This seeming inability to hear the correct pitch of the voice or instrument is, I think, the result of a visualised conception of music rather than an auditory one. The presence of any physical defect of the ear, comparable with colour blindness in the eye, must be excepted.

And so from the modern composers we turn to the audiences who apparently enjoy listening to these distorted and ear-deadening series of sounds.

Are these audiences drawn from fellow visualists and musical mathematicians, or are they the beginning of a new type of listener? If the former, our modernists are writing for a very limited public. If the latter we are beginning to evolve a race of tone-deadened people, to whom ugliness is beauty, and beauty, if it is not ugliness, is something of so little account as to be unworthy of their attention. There are many who hold that this is a phase of music which will pass, that ugliness is merely the result of transition from the old to the new.

I believe that unless we take heed in time tone deafness will be almost universal.

Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

WHILE Covent Garden has been reviving the *Faust* of Berlioz, thousands listening enraptured to Kreisler at the Albert Hall, and millions listening-in or not as they please to whatever is going on, a very earnest correspondence has been proceeding in *The Times* concerning the amateurs of music. It began by the Provost of Wakefield suggesting that the B.B.C. should lend a helping hand to the Competition Festival Movement, show some interest in the performances of "vocalists and instrumentalists who do not wish to become professional musicians," encourage orchestral playing in schools, lend music and musical instruments, and promise to broadcast "good results." A plea for spoon-feeding, in fact.

The provocation succeeded. In a couple of days appeared a letter from a lady closely associated with the work of the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals. She wrote from Berkhamstead as honorary secretary of the Mid and West Hertfordshire Musical Festival, denying his reverence's statements politely but emphatically. She has no use, she says, for drawing-room performers, but in choral singing and the simpler forms of orchestral playing the amateur has the power to achieve real music, and he is doing it. Statistics were produced to show the progress of amateurism throughout the country, the Federation having to-day some 212 affiliated festivals representing probably 200,000 individual singers and players.

Amateurs and the B.B.C.

Then came letters from Norfolk and from Kent. The veteran Dr. Frank Bates, Emeritus Organist, Norwich Cathedral, and chairman of the Norfolk Musical Competition Festival, feels that no amount of subsidy would remedy the state of things the Provost laments. It is the forcing of the intellectual side of music which has, he says, taken the heart out of the amateur and in many instances led him to take refuge in a kind of music which "may stimulate for a time but can give no lasting satisfaction." The Kent correspondent feels that the matter is fundamentally one for the schools.

Next day there appeared an official letter from the Federation and one from the honorary secretary of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, both optimistic. The Federation gratefully acknowledges the friendly and helpful attitude of the B.B.C. towards the Festival Movement, refers to the gradual growth of the summer school of chamber music, to the success of the short schools for amateur conductors held in different parts of the country, and is pleased at the response to the new madrigal summer school which is to be held for the first time next August. A rosy letter. Gloom re-appeared the following day in a letter from Mr. Stewart Macpherson, whose experience told of the tribulations of the profession, of depleted time tables and empty studios.

Thus the discussion proceeds—it is hardly yet a controversy—and thus, no doubt, it will proceed or simmer until the proposed National Conference on "The Future of Amateur Music-making" opens at Broadcasting House on June 10.

To-day no one can deny the beneficence of the B.B.C. despite the havoc it has brought in its train. Its programmes can be superb as they can be fatuous; it can make reputations, give endless delight, and annihilate musical societies all over the kingdom. It has made ordinary recital-giving more than ever a losing game; yet the B.B.C. is the musician's friend, be he professional or amateur. Every sort of musician has felt the swift social and economic changes of the last few years, and not least of these changes is the frigid indifference of the Press. It is the B.B.C., not the Press, that is definitely concerned with culture. Not to the newspapers may the musician, professional or amateur, look to-day for any encouragement in his work. If your name be Fritz Kreisler or Thomas Beecham you are already "in the news," and that's another story. And as the amateur is not in the news, that's again another story. At the coming Conference the amateur and the B.B.C. will have it their own way.

Off The Track

Notable events of the last week which took place off the usual track were a recital by Gustave Ferrari, so long associated with Yvette Guilbert, at the Ballet Club Theatre, and a programme of chamber music played by the K.T.S. Trio. No one sings the sophisticated French *chansons* of the 17th and 18th century (nor plays them) so well as M. Ferrari, who had as coadjutors Maisie Seneshall and Alice Gachet, the latter introducing the artists. An evening of fine music played with rare intimacy and understanding.

Another notable occasion, which I can only barely record here, was the Jubilee Orchestral Concert at the R.C.M., in which all the participants were past pupils of the College, not the least famous of them being Leopold Stokowski, the present head of the Philadelphia Orchestra, who turned up just in time to conduct, without rehearsal, a very resonant performance of the overture to *Die Meistersinger*.

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THEATRE

Queen's Theatre. "Spendlove Hall." A farcical comedy by Norman Cannon.

THERE are quite a large number of ways in which farce may be constructed. A playwright can rely either on wit of dialogue and humour of situation, or on the predicament in which a liar finds himself, or on the inconvenient presence in a house—generally in one or several bedrooms or bathrooms of a house—of a person or persons whose discovery would mean ruin or, at any rate, confusion. Finally, but not very hopefully, a playwright may rely on a very thin plot which brings together in one spot, by a series of coincidences, an odd assortment of that kind of character which is easily caricatured.

This is the method chosen by Mr. Norman Cannon, whose "Spendlove Hall" means very little. Lord Spendlove, who is living on the cheque-book of his mother-in-law, hears that a film company wishes to use his ancient house and grounds as the "location" for some "shots" in a film they are making. He is delighted not only by the prospect of payment, which will free him temporarily from his mother-in-law, but also by his own secret hope of becoming a film star and making so much money that he may be free for ever.

The film outfit duly arrives, complete with American director, stars and camera-man. Oddly enough, the male star turns out to be the man who had rescued Spendlove's daughter from drowning at Deauville the year before, the man with whom she is desperately in love. Spendlove himself has a test before the camera in a little scene with his parlour-maid, who is also movie-mad. He is, of course, discovered in her arms by his family, and equally of course, while she makes a great success of his own performance is a "flop."

Thus to the end, in which the daughter gets engaged to the film star, and Spendlove is left lamenting more than ever because he has discovered that his mother-in-law and her cheque-book really own the film company.

It is all very thin and too much of it is humourless. Mr. Davy Burnaby did his very best by his Lord Spendlove to keep his audience interested and diverted, and when, in one of the little extra episodes of the evening, he disguised himself as a comic conjurer it would have been impossible not to laugh a great deal. Miss Sydney Fairbrother gave an extremely finished performance as the mother-in-law and got every laugh of which the author could have dreamed when he wrote his dialogue, and praise is due to the whole company, especially Miss Ena Grossmith, for an unflagging vivacity. But "Spendlove Hall" remains poor comedy without ever becoming uproarious farce.

G.C.P.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

Don Quixote. Directed by G. W. Pabst. Adelphi.

The Mystery of the Wax Museum. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Regal.

THE English version of "Don Quixote" has been crossing the channel for some time, but is here at last and may be seen at the Adelphi where it replaces "The Kid from Spain." There are three things in its favour—the direction of Mr. Pabst, the superb photography of Nicolas Farkas and Paul Portier, and the figure of Chaliapin, but there is one big defect—the story itself.

The adventures of the Knight of the Mournful Countenance have not much pictorial significance, and long before this picture comes to a close one's only interest lies in watching the beautiful locations and the expert manner in which the figures and backgrounds have been handled by Mr. Pabst and his camera men. Such entertainment is well enough in small doses, but the static nature of the plot allows one no other enthusiasms. Chaliapin himself looks the part, indeed he contrives to do a little more than that, but the opportunities with which he has been provided to convey his understanding of the character are too sketchy to enable him to be much more than a lay figure. It was inevitable that he should sing and, while his voice is wholly delightful, the songs hold up the action still farther, until the climax to their incongruity is provided by the final one which closes the film after the death of Don Quixote has already performed the function satisfactorily.

George Robey, as Sancho Panza, manages to sink some of his personality, but surely Sancho Panza was the embodiment of the stupid peasant; he was a charming clod who was funny without realising it. Too many of George Robey's interpolations show too little ingenuousness. One feels that he is making a joke and knows it. For the rest whose parts are small, there is Oscar Asche as the Captain of the Police, Miles Mander, whose clear diction is a welcome relief, as the Duke and Sidney Fox as the niece. Dulcinea is played by Renée Valliers and Mr. Pabst has found a picturesque animal to resemble Rosinante. I'm afraid the general public will find the film a very slow business.

After the success of the musical "Forty Second Street," the Regal is housing a totally different kind of picture in "The Mystery of the Wax Museum." Those whose imaginations are in a satisfactory state may get a shiver down the back when they get properly into the swing of the story behind this film. A modeller in wax sees his creations burned in order to provide his scheming partner with the money from the fire insurance. He himself is also a victim of the fire, but he lives and sets about recreating his masterpieces although his hands have been maimed. This recreation he achieves by killing people and embalming them, but his pleasant mania comes to grief when he tries to murder the fiancée of one of his assistants. Lionel Atwill is the villain of the piece and Fay Wray the lady who unmasks him.

Waiting for Television

Radio Drama and Its Besetting Sins

By Alan Howland

IN those far-off days before the London Theatre became commercialised the public was in a position to know that at certain Theatres—irrespective of Music Halls and the various homes of Musical Comedy—a certain type of entertainment would be provided. There was the St. James', with its comedy of manners, His Majesty's with its real rabbits in "Midsummer Night's Dream," the Haymarket with its atmosphere of the English Country House, or the Criterion with its not quite so Country House, in which all the rooms appeared to debouch on the bedroom. These were Theatres with a settled policy. In these unsettled times, however, it is possible to walk for a good distance in the West End of London without finding a Theatre with any sort of policy whatever.

In the meantime Broadcasting has given birth to a new form of drama. Radio drama is as yet in its infancy—it is even a little backward for its age—but it does show signs of healthy development. What it is chiefly in need of at the moment is a settled policy, and this, now that Mr. Val Gielgud is able to give it his undivided attention, it will no doubt achieve.

Two Maladies

The task is not nearly as easy as it sounds, since Radio drama has for some time been suffering from two complaints, one an internal, the other an external one. The internal complaint is the direct result of the limitations of broadcasting as a medium. The difficulties which beset the dramatist who has to appeal to the ear alone are too obvious to need recapitulation, but there is one aspect of his problem to which, in my opinion, insufficient attention has been paid. I believe that most radio plays are too long.

It is my firm conviction that the vast majority of people cannot listen to the spoken word without any visual aid for so long as an hour and a half; the effort of concentration is too great. The ideal length for a broadcast play is three-quarters of an hour, or at most one hour. I am fully aware that this imposes a severe strain on the dramatist who has to develop his plot and characterisation in such a short time, but it has been successfully done in the past, and it can be done again. Radio drama would inevitably become more popular if short plays were the rule rather than the exception. Obviously this restriction cannot apply to the plays of Shakespeare, but even here I would split the broadcast up with interludes of music.

The second, or external complaint, is a purely financial one, and as such is far more difficult to

cure. Even authors are human, and it is ridiculous to suppose that an established author will be induced by the offer of a few guineas to write a play for the microphone when, by the expenditure of an equal effort, he can write a stage play which, with luck, may bring him a substantial sum of money. At the same time the B.B.C. cannot afford to spend on one broadcast a sum equivalent to the author's share of the profits in a theatrical success. There is, however, a point at which money does begin to talk—even if it be only in a whisper—and that point has not as yet been reached. If radio drama is to develop, if authors are to be lured from the theatre to the microphone, the sordid question of finance must not be overlooked.

All Right On The Night

There has been a tendency of late to answer legitimate criticisms of radio drama as it is with the comfortable remark, "It will be all right when television comes." I seem to remember some years ago that, as soon as the first navy spat on his hands in Portland Place, a similar phrase was current at Savoy Hill—"It will be all right when we get to Broadcasting House." I am going to take it upon myself to remind Mr. Gielgud that television is still a long way off and that, when it does come, it may not be altogether an unmixed blessing. Certainly in the case of plays which are more or less static it will be of the greatest assistance, but I cannot help thinking that, in the main, it will tend to restrict the scope of radio drama as we know it.

At the present moment it is possible, by the judicious use of "effects" and "fading" to take the listener in imagination from Seven Dials to Brooklands, to the top of Table Mountain, to the Epsom Derby, to the bottom of a coal mine in as many minutes. Short of combining the technical resources of Drury Lane and the Coliseum in one studio, I fail to see how television is going to accomplish this. I believe that the introduction of sound into the cinema has vulgarised the art of the film by making it easier: the "Miracle Man" was far better as a silent film than as a talkie. In the same way, I believe that television, by making it easier to produce what I have called static plays, may restrict the scope of radio drama and make the exercise of the listener's imagination a work of supererogation.

Until its long looked for advent, then, I implore Mr. Gielgud to make it his policy to develop radio drama along its present lines and to let television take care of itself. There are authors galore if only he can find them, and the task of finding them is well worth doing. I wish him luck.

NEW NOVELS

Aunt Elizabeth. By Netta Syrett. Bles. 7s. 6d.
Featured on Broadway. By Ann Knox. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY ANNE ARMSTRONG]

NETTA SYRETT retains her power of presenting many different sorts and conditions of character, temperament, type—and any other of the synonyms which you can remember. There is Aunt Elizabeth of the title—a deliciously attractive woman who in her youth was a toast in a number of Continental capitals. There is Mary, singularly handicapped by a mother who was overfond of cultivating other people's gardens. There is Dick—the brave man who marries priggish, narrow-minded Mary. But here the characterisation went a bit to pieces. Dick started off with a sense of humour, but I was put to it to find a trace of it towards the end.

And then it is that praise for Netta Syrett's "Aunt Elizabeth" must summarily stop. There is no shape to it. It rambles on with no indication of a centre or pattern.

Aunt Elizabeth descends upon Mary and Dick. She introduces Dick to a siren (he is growing a little tired of his blue-stocking Mary by this time) and pays very little attention to Mary beyond asking her to one party. But one is given to understand that Aunt Elizabeth's one reason for returning to England was to be good to her one remaining relative, Mary. When the end of the story is within sight a lot of rapid changes take place. Aunt Elizabeth is pained to see Dick in another woman's arms—also the puritanical attitude of Mary. With one short conversation she shows Mary the stupidity of her ways; Mary relents and changes (over-night, as it were) into an open-minded, forgiving woman. Aunt Elizabeth "takes ill" (very quickly) and dies, and Mary is back in the arms of an adoring Dick. A little more stage managing, and good pieces of characterisation would not be so wasted on a poor story. It is as though the curtain went up when the stage hands were still "on" and dropped again before the real thing started.

"Featured on Broadway" is a much more finished piece of work. It is a quiet story about noisy people in a noisy profession. I can think of no better way of describing it. Flash Americans strut, or rather rush frenziedly, across the page; there are first nights fraught with excitement, a hero who is mauled by a lion, there are a quantity of odd people doing odd things—but the story is a latently powerful one, with here a flash of humour and there a touch of genuine emotion.

A story of American theatre life, it holds a warning for those women who sacrifice love on the altar of ambition. It is a very lonely and unhappy Idena on the last page—a tired-out, aged old actress whom nobody cares very much about. Selfish, arrogant and very fond of admiration, Idena, young, was ruthless and cruel. But not on the last page.

The Pilgrim's Regress. By C. S. Lewis. Dent. 5s.
An Oxford Tragedy. By J. C. Masterman. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Fog. By Elizabeth Ford. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.
Durbar. By Dennis Kincaid. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

Hardy Perennial. By Helen Hull. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

"THE Pilgrim's Regress" is not a sequel to Bunyan, although it revives the rather neglected expedient of allegory with fair success. Indeed, had Mr. Lewis planned his commentary in any other form, heaven knows what kind of volume he would have perpetrated; for the book makes leisurely pursuit of Christian motives, with afternoon calls on the false prophets and much wandering in the tracks of dogma and the by-pass of casual creeds. Where the author gets to in the end one is not very sure, but it is entertaining to be shown so many devil's pocket boroughs along the route.

John is a poor young yearner from Puritania, whose travels conduct him through the City of Claptrap, the township of the Clevers, to Thrill, the shire of Occultica and to other regions with self-explanatory signposts. The landscape, like a real one, is unequal; and the author, though one can gloat over his irony towards the aesthete or young persons with sports-car minds, often makes the theologically unlearned feel they are missing finer points. Allegory requires to be bold, simple and instantly fathomable, or patience wanes; and it seems to me that Mr. Lewis is sometimes obscure. John's "hike" is cheered by a good many songs in which scansion is left behind; and since a fairly typical line runs "Unwindowed monad, unindebted and unstained," you will grant they will never be chanted by errand boys.

Three first novels follow, each of them good. "An Oxford Tragedy" was contrived by an Oxford Don; there is a murder which the expert solver of thrillers may not deem worth his insight. But the crime scarcely matters while we are in company with the delightful users of the Senior Common Room at St. Thomas's. Their dismay at the rude intrusion of death is delicious; and the observant, humorous Mr. Masterman enters Mr. Belloc's category of "Dons admirable. . . . Dons that understand."

"Fog" has an original plot; a "particular" comes down on a village, and in its short, muffling visitation confounds and permanently alters the destiny of a round dozen of the community. The ideas are prettily worked out; no loose ends and the whole story enjoyable. "Durbar" likewise is a tale out of the ordinary, and again events are compacted into twenty-four hours—scheming and drama in the picturesque, often sordid surroundings of one of the Native States. Mr. Kincaid must know his scene intimately, and he conveys its remote fascination.

Helen Hull gives the history of a well-to-do New York family on whom the Crisis descends. Their dilemma is expertly described and one comes to know the household well, and even foresee how they will behave.

A.B.

Impressionist Biography

Trial by Virgins: Fragment of a Biography. By David Larg. Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY MALCOLM ELWIN]

LYTTON STRACHEY had much to answer for. He exalted himself at the expense of those historical figures who were unlucky enough to be selected as subjects for his very readable but irresponsible studies. He was not a biographer, because he was always Lytton Strachey. He never even attempted the art of biography, because he never attempted to submerge his own personality in that of his subject. He condescended to his subjects as a commentator, using a form of biographical narrative for satirical by-play. His subject was always a puppet at whose expense he could be clever. M. Maurois' method is not dissimilar, but he is only a lightning cartoonist—a purveyor of tabloid literature for a public apparently incapable of sustained reading. His amusing trivialities have the limitations, without the authenticity, of the encyclopædic article. Herr Ludwig is a more serious artist. He does the donkey work in reading up his subject and absorbing material, but his books produce the effect of impressionist paintings—striking at a distance or first glance, but tawdry and slapdash upon closer inspection.

"Bumps and All"

These three writers may be reckoned the leading representatives of the impressionist school of biography—the school which, as Mr. St. John Ervine once said, "will expose the wart on Cromwell's nose as if Cromwell were nothing but a wart," and which is generally called "modern" because it follows a fashion fortunately ephemeral. Of this school Mr. David Larg is one of the newest ornaments, though his publishers quote an authority which hesitates to describe him as an imitator of Strachey, because "he is much more than that." It is to be hoped that he is, for he is ill equipped to imitate his master. Strachey, though an inferior scholar, shared many of Macaulay's characteristics—the gift of narrative, the knack of incidental portraiture, a *flair* for the sensational and dramatic, a fluent, flexible and picturesque style. Mr. Larg has none of these. The thread of his narrative is repeatedly broken, the irritated reader being left to gather together its tattered ends while the author pursues the butterflies of his imagination; his secondary figures are void of vitality; he has so little sense of values that he sees in the aims and origins of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood only the fancies of undergraduate *poseurs*; his style is so snappy and full of "pep" that it is as irritating as a noisy child. He writes of Ruskin's wife leaving her husband for Millais:

"He was under no illusion. London was agog. The sensation could hardly have been greater if the Queen had dismissed the Prince Consort. It transcended infinitely the trifling scandal of George Eliot's departure in the same year with George Henry Lewes. That meant nothing: it was the misbehaviour of a Methodist with a journalist, about which no opinion was needed

at all. The sudden feud between the Millais and the Ruskins was really domestic. It opened a chasm in the middle of a smooth stretch of English downland. On the one side were the real Victorians; on the other those who had fancied they were Victorians and found that they were not. The former said that there was no reason that justified a woman in leaving her husband. . . . Married people did not get on. They should, but they did not. Their business was not to get on well, but to get on somehow; and, however badly, to stick to their honourable contract in its literal aspects. A man with a good wife was bad enough: however good she was, the husband might be fondling some bright creature. . . ."

The Wasted Novelist

The reference to George Eliot is typical of Mr. Larg's school; anything or anybody outside their particular subject is "trifling." Mr. Larg's subject, in spite of his title, is Rossetti. Perhaps he calls his book a "fragment of a biography" because it ends with the death of Rossetti's wife—not Rossetti; perhaps because he is astoundingly unconcerned with the artistic and poetical development of one who was an artist and a poet. The book is undocumented and lacks an index—for your impressionist scorns any concession to the conventions of scholarship, and one marvels at the splendid isolation of the footnote on p.229. Why is Miss Violet Hunt specially distinguished as the authority for a statement that Madox Brown visited Elizabeth Siddall one evening in February, 1857?

The book has no background, but then, Mr. Larg doubtless scorns backgrounds. His notion of biography is like that of Millais and Rossetti about the painting of a river sparrow's nest—"leave out all but the essentials, the reeds, three of them, the nest and the sparrow." I am not sure that he has not forgotten the reeds, he has certainly left out the lining of the nest, and his Rossetti is a queer-looking bird. Was Rossetti a *gamin* in boyhood and a bounder in adolescence? Mr. Larg makes him so, but he does not show us how the artist and poet developed from these beginnings. From the moment Miss Siddall enters the story, Rossetti is made to fade into nebulousness; Mr. Larg seems to have sickened of his cock sparrow and turned it into a hen.

He did well in so doing. For he has at least caught the spirit of the lady so slenderly fragile, with the heavy hair, languorous lidded eyes, and full-lipped mouth, familiar to those who know Rossetti's pictures. The second half of his book is frankly confined to the tragedy of Rossetti and his Damozel, and around the neurotic, morbid, almost negative figure of his heroine, Mr. Larg unfolds his story with an imaginative sense of atmosphere comparable with that of George Moore in "A Mummer's Wife."

He might, indeed, write a notable novel. His imaginative powers would then be employed with greater artistic integrity in relation to characters of his own creation. But if he perseveres as an impressionist biographer, it is easy to predict a future for Mr. Larg; he has the superficial cleverness which passes for brilliance and usually secures ephemeral success.

An Author's "Quote-marks"

Germany under the Treaty. By W. H. Dawson.
Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY ROBERT MACHRAY]

THIS book was evidently written before the Hitlerisation of Germany, and it is possible that its author's opinions may since have undergone some modification, though this scarcely seems likely in view of his strongly pronounced German sympathies. The work purports to be a record, based on recent investigation, of the conditions created in Germany by the territorial provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

The last chapter, which is entitled the "Case for Revision," presents Mr. Dawson's conclusions. He does not go quite so far as the Pan-Germans, inasmuch as under his plan "the arrangements as to Alsace-Lorraine, Posen and Northern Schleswig would stand substantially as at present." This is what was known in the pre-Hitler period as the "moderate German" attitude to Treaty revision. It is certainly not the Hitlerite attitude.

Having noted Mr. Dawson's position respecting the territories mentioned above, I have no difficulty in classifying this book as just another specimen of thoroughly partisan propaganda. Indeed, he admits that the work may be "described as stating the case for Germany," but it could be much better described as a series of one-sided, prejudiced, vehement and sometimes fantastic attacks on France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium—and England too—chiefly because of their "annexations" of territories that had been German before the War.

Annexations is a key-word with Mr. Dawson; one of his maps (drawn by himself) carries the legend "The Annexations in Eastern Germany," and another, "The Annexations in Western Germany," the first referring chiefly to the restoration to Poland of the so-called Corridor and Poznan, and the second to the return to France of Alsace-Lorraine. Annexations! These maps are in fact symptomatic of the whole tone of the book.

Starting with vigorous if not particularly decisive assaults on the Peace Conference and the Treaty of Versailles, Mr. Dawson proceeds to discuss East Germany and the Polish Corridor. A large part of his book is directed against Poland and the Poles, of whom he has little good to say—the familiar German point of view. Few Germans can forgive Poland for being Poland—for existing as a State at all; it is this that the vast majority of them consider intolerable, and not the Corridor alone; our public ought to know this is the truth.

But here is a special point. Each of Mr. Dawson's chapters is decorated at the top with quotations suggesting or confirming the trend of what follows below them. Among these, as a sort of text for Chapter III on the Corridor, is this:

"As for the Polish Corridor, it may be definitely said that Germany will never tolerate a condition of things by which East Prussia is separated from the German Reich.—T. G. Masaryk in the *Saturday Review*, October, 1930."

On looking up the files of the *Saturday* I found an article by President Masaryk on Treaty Revision which appeared in its issue of November 1,

1930. It was an article which attracted much attention at the time, because the Grand Old Man of Czechoslovakia said in it that there was the possibility of some slight territorial revision in certain circumstances. But all he remarked about the Corridor was:

"I hear from many Germans that they will never accept the present settlement, involving the cutting off of East Prussia from the main body of the Reich."

I wonder where Mr. Dawson got his quotation.

The Concrete Instance

Architecture in the Balance. By F. Towndrow,
A.R.I.B.A. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

John Ruskin. By R. H. Wilenski. Faber and Faber. 15s.

[REVIEWED BY O. M. GREEN]

MR. TOWNDROW has given us a most stimulating book, something to applaud or quarrel with on every page. He denies architecture's claim to be called art, tramples upon aesthetes who subordinate function to visual effect, scoffs at the notion that either an age, an individual, or a nation expresses itself in architecture, and deprecates originality (too often sheer perversity) as "of all the lesser qualities which men possess the one that most besets them." The greatest architecture, he holds, was purely communal, instancing particularly the geniuses of the Florentine early Renaissance, who "worked according to a common purpose" and only by adhering "to the essentials of one general form were able to refine its proportions and delight us with its details." Contrast the muddle of our streets to-day produced by rampant individualism!

Far, however, from being merely destructive, Mr. Towndrow's book, with its many exciting pictures, is a much-needed attempt to clarify ideas, at a time when architecture "exists apart, vacillating, undefined and uncertain." Indeed we know not what we want. We may dislike the *Daily Express* and B.B.C. buildings, yet somehow they have put us out of conceit with the heavy imitativeness of the new Bank of England.

Mr. Towndrow's own solution is Ruskinian: good architecture must comprise fitness, order and goodness—satisfaction for body, mind and spirit. But, with all deference, does this not merely prolong the controversy? On the other hand, the constructivist view, namely, that life and beauty in architecture depend on the continual overcoming of material problems, (though Mr. Towndrow is suspicious of it) seems to hold out hope. In our own times the engineer has shown the way with his giant locomotives, models of beauty and usefulness. When architects have mastered the nature of their new materials, concrete, steel and glass, they may do the like. But first the world must recover its faith.

It is easy to imagine what Ruskin would have thought of modern architecture, though he would certainly have liked parts of Mr. Towndrow's book and, as certainly, have told him exactly where he got off about the rest. Readers of Mr. Wilenski, however, if they knew nothing else about Ruskin, might almost conclude that it mattered little what

he said about anything. His views, Mr. Wilenski argues, were wholly dependent on the momentary state of his mind and circumstances of his life. He merely played at work, "pottering" from one interest to another, pictures, architecture, workmen's colleges, handicrafts, roadmaking, sociology. He "was always a maniac depressive," at divers times actually mad.

Mr. Wilenski writes with immense erudition, and every criticism is supported with copious references. He pays tribute to Ruskin's genius, to his "social conscience—the finest of a number of fine factors in his character," to the advancement, years beyond his time, of his teaching on capital, labour and social services, to his honesty and enthusiasm. But, in effect if not in purpose, it is an unpleasant book and, as some will think, unnecessary.

It would probably have been better for Ruskin if he had had to work for his living, instead of being a very rich man. His criticisms were often ill-instructed and prejudiced. His "schoolmaster" way is exasperating. Yet, again and again, he gives us, as no other writer has quite done, some flashing page, which lights up the whole subject, be it picture or cathedral, factory or slum, discovering to us things we instantly recognise as beyond cavil or question. The rest we may surely forget.

An Unneeded Monument

An Engineer's Outlook. By Sir Alfred Ewing, K.C.B., F.R.S. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY J. A. LAUWERYS]

IT is often pointed out that the world in which we live is the creation of the engineer and it thus becomes of the greatest importance that we should all understand something about the outlook of the Technician. And it is even more important that engineers themselves should be trained not only to understand the principles of their science, but also to appreciate their responsibilities.

Sir Alfred Ewing's interesting book does a great deal to show us the workings of the engineer's mind and no one has done more to place the teaching of Engineering in this country on a scientific foundation. His work as Professor of Engineering at Tokyo, at Dundee and at Cambridge will long be remembered. And his long record of public service shows that he does not forget his civic and social duties.

He has now collected a number of his lectures and monographs and prefaced them by a short autobiography. His book includes character sketches, based on personal knowledge, of Lord Kelvin, Sir Charles Parsons, The Flaming Jenkin, R. L. Stevenson and Lord Balfour, together with the Presidential Address to the British Association last year, a Hibbert Lecture and a number of papers dealing with special subjects. There is, for instance, a highly interesting paper on Magnetism, with which topic his name will always be associated.

As might be expected, we find a number of very pleasant stories, such as that of the well known

novelist who sent Sir Alfred a copy of one of her romances "The Mighty Atom"; a book which found its resting place by the side of the more ponderous tomes (on the same subject!) by Rutherford and Bohr. And the story of the dressing down ("Can it be corporal punishment?") which Prof. Jenkins gave to R.L.S. when the latter had dared to play a schoolboy prank during the performance of some amateur theatricals, will amuse everyone.

From the philosophical point of view, one of the most fascinating features of the book is the way in which new discoveries and new theories always appear to Sir Alfred Ewing as "powerful tools for further research." Which indeed they are, but the point is that here concepts appear not as abstractions from a supposed metaphysical reality lying behind phenomena, but as "operational concepts" i.e., instructions to do something. Truly an Engineer's Outlook!

In the Hibbert Lecture for 1933, some rather terrifying prophecies about future wars are made and it is also interesting to hear a technician discussing Technocracy. "It is easy to discover in the politician material for criticism, but he should have and often does have, qualities different from those that make for success in the pursuit of science and its applications."

One would have liked to read something about the war work in Room 40, where enemy cipher was decoded. Sir Alfred, who was in charge for nearly 3 years, looks upon this as the most interesting episode in his life. Curiously enough, official permission to print a short account of that work was withheld. However, there is enough material here to keep one interested for a considerable time. At first the topics do not seem to be arranged in any logical order, but one soon appreciates that there is a very definite psychological unity and sequence. The book bears everywhere the impress of a delightful and modest personality, the style is clear, unpretentious and at times reaches real distinction.

Sir Alfred states in the Preface that he hopes that this volume will be his monument. But he did not really need such aid! His teaching, his research work, his social activities would have sufficed to provide it.

The Old Lady Unveiled. By J. R. Jarvie. Wishart & Co. 3s. 6d.

The prolonged trials of the economic depression, combined with the growing interest shown by readers with little knowledge of their subject in economic questions, have resulted in the appearance of a kind of literary fungus. Books are increasingly issuing from the press, badly written, displaying blatant ignorance, depending for their appeal upon abusive criticism of existing institutions or persons. They constitute a danger in a country where economic policy is so greatly determined by a Government aiming at the conciliation of mass opinion. To this class of book belongs this so-called exposé of the Bank of England.

A Panacea For All Ills

Through Brittany in Charmina. By F. Keble Chatterton. Rich and Cowan. 12s. 6d.

IN these dreary days of oppressive taxation and soaring rates on the one hand and a steadily diminishing income on the other, it is curious why more people do not follow Mr. Keble Chatterton's example and spend most of the year afloat. Apart from the economic side, having just finished following him in imagination through blissful Brittany by river in the *Charmina* I am fired to follow his example in reality.

This book, indeed, opens up an illimitable vista of radiant possibility. In a suitably sized vessel one can traverse almost all Europe by river and canal. What could be more fascinating than to cast off from Westminster, airily informing the curious that one's destination was Vienna or Warsaw. One's progress would be of necessity slow and in this speed-crazy world that is enough to provoke the sneers of the multitude. But let them scoff. While they are scorching from one hotel-de-luxe to its exact counterpart some hundred or two miles further on, one's small floating home will be drifting peacefully along the still waterways of Europe, through a lovely countryside for the most part undevastated by the hideous march of something which is defiantly labelled Progress or alternatively Civilisation.

Mr. Keble Chatterton offers us a panacea for all the ills the flesh is heir to, and happy will they be who take his advice and leaving all care behind find that freedom which is only granted to those who go down to the seas and rivers in ships.

The Historian Eye-Witness

Things I Have Seen. By Sir Charles Oman. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

SIR CHARLES OMAN'S positive memories go back to 1868, when he had a glimpse of Napoleon III., "a very tired old gentleman, rather hunched together, and looking decidedly ill," as he watched the Prince Imperial, a boy of 12, drilling a company of cadets in the Tuilleries Gardens. These side-lights on history are not as a rule very illuminating in themselves. It is not so much what Sir Charles saw as the historical setting he delineates that gives this book its interest, though the picture of Gladstone at All Souls' is fascinating. The casual observer, even though he is a brilliant historian, is at a disadvantage compared with the journalist, because his vision of events is fortuitous and is almost sure to miss the most critical moment. Thus Sir Charles left Portugal in 1910 just at the critical moment before the ignominious collapse of the Monarchy, and his admirable account of the events that led immediately to the fall of King Manuel can claim no eye-witness authority. There is little doubt, however, that his narrative is far more accurate than any newspaper account published in this country at the time. The value of Sir Charles' recollections lies mainly in the light they throw on a

modern historian's methods in dealing with the events that are the raw material of history. The chapter on Fascism would have been more effective if the author had realised that the germs of the present régime were deep in Young Italy before Mussolini was born.

An Irish Interlude

Sailing, Sailing Swiftly. By Jack B. Yeats. Putnam. 6s.

[REVIEWED BY W.H.B.]

Here's a simple little story with no vestige of a plot,
Told in a rather breathless sort of way,
But when you ask me whether I enjoyed the book
or not,
I find it very difficult to say.

I liked the first two characters, two jolly, horsey
men,

I felt at once that they were friends of mine,
I'd met them in a train and hoped I'd meet them
both again,

But disaster overtakes them on the line.

I liked Annette the widow of the Irishman who
tried

Only one book in her life (by Charles Lever),
But before I got to know her really well she went
and died

Of a virulent attack of scarlet fever.

I liked the two old uncles but they died on me as
well,

And so did Edward Tarleton and Sally,
The remainder of the story which the author has
to tell

Is about the son of Thaddeus O'Malley.

I didn't care for Larry much, what's more I won't
pretend

I was sorry when this rather tiresome dreamer
Brought Mr. Jack B. Yeats's "Sailing Swiftly"
to an end

By falling swiftly overboard a steamer.

Mr. Yeats should learn to write in shorter sen-
tences, I think

(Half a page without a stop is rather trying),
But the vivid illustrations by himself in pen and ink
Make his little book (six shillings net) worth
buying.

The Good Companion

The True Drunkard's Delight. By William Juniper. Unwin Press. 7s. 6d.

THIS merry work in praise of good drink follows the tradition of our ancestors in matter and form. A vocabulary of drinking slang, quotations, drinking songs, recipes, epitaphs, with fantastical Rabelaisian touches, form a book that anyone interested in wine or other honourable beverages should add to his library. It can be picked up at any time and will always be found an amusing companion.

Books Received

(These notices do not necessarily preclude longer reviews)

Confessions of a Young Man. By George Moore. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe. Perronik the Fool. By George Moore. Heinemann. 6s.

Two further volumes of the Uniform edition of the Works of George Moore. An extraordinarily nice binding with perhaps rather small printing. This is the first time that Perronik the Fool has been published in this country.

Cambridge History of the British Empire. In two parts. Cambridge University Press. 30s. and 15s.

A complete history, economic and political of Australia and New Zealand. This is volume VII: each volume dealing with the life story of a nation within the British Empire.

Calvin. By R. N. Carew Hunt. Centenary Press. 10s. 6d.

A scholarly biography with a good index.

Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy. By George Santayana. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

Five essays dealing with philosophical subjects. They range from a discussion of John Locke to a paper on Freud's "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" and a review of Julien Benda's "Sketch of a Consistent Theory of the Relations Between God and the World."

The Naked Truth. By Joan Conquest. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d.

Claimed by the author to be an exposure of the shocking conditions that are still to be found in the London slums.

Marie Stopes. By Aylmer Maude. Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.

The first volume by the author on Dr. Marie Stopes was published in 1924. This new volume incorporates material then used together with her activities during the last eight years. A very readable life story.

The Rats of Norway. By Keith Winter. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

The script of the play running at The Playhouse.

Communism and the Alternative. By Arthur J. Pentty. Student Christian Movement. 3s. 6d.

A small book that states very clearly that Modernism is bankrupt spiritually, morally, intellectually and politically. And as clearly that Machinery in a few years will have abolished itself because industry itself will have come to a standstill. No more Modernity, says this brave little book, and abolish machinery!

This Modern Stuff. By Gerald Abraham. Denis Archer. 2s. 6d.

A clue to set the people who are completely at sea over modern music, but who wish at least to understand it, on the right lines.

Russian Roundabout. By Archibald Lyall. Harmsworth. 6s.

Mr. Lyall, like so many who have gone before him, has been to Russia with an open mind. And this is his conclusion—"So that both sides, perhaps, were really right, those who said that Bolshevism meant a plunge into darkness and barbarism and those who said that it was an inevitable step and the only way to better things." His mind is evidently still open!

Economic Equality in the Co-Operative Community. By H. Stanley Jevons. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

This clumsily titled work is written on the theme that a system of co-operative socialism or modified communism will abolish unemployment and lead to economic equality. The writer dwells at length on the attainment of equality without any apparent realisation that equality cannot in itself be an end.

The Truth and Error of Communism. By H. G. Wood. Student Christian Movement. 4s.

An appeal for a Christian Social Policy, but surely a belief in such a policy does not necessarily imply, as the author suggests, that "it would be a simple but splendid demonstration of Christian loyalty to the new order, if every professing Christian would join the League of Nations Union." Christianity, Christianity, what things are done in thy name!

Days in Dickensland. By W. Dexter. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

The author provides an agreeable handbook to the Dickensland of London and then carries the reader to Gad's Hill, Rochester, Canterbury, Dover and Broadstairs.

Son of Man. By J. Leigh. Rider. 5s.

The purpose of this book is to describe the superlative human character of Jesus of Nazareth as a first step towards the appreciation of Christ's divinity.

Gambling. By R. C. Mortimer. *Eugenics.* By Leonard Hodgson. *Marriage and Divorce.* By K. E. Kirk. "Standpoints." Centenary Press. 3s. 6d.

Problems of the day are briefly discussed in this series and an attempt has been made to take into consideration both sides of every question.

The Story of a Country Town. By E. W. Howe. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

An American classic first published in 1880, a sort of fore-runner of "Babbit" and other works, which deals savagely enough with the typical prairie town of the Middle West. An introduction by Mr. Brand Whitlock adds greatly to the value of this reprint.

Homage to Cricket. By "Gryllus." Desmond Harmsworth. 3s. 6d. net.

A really admirable collection of essays. They convey the spirit, humour, grace, splendour and significance of the game and—less important, perhaps—its letter and its practice. On both sides "Gryllus" writes with charm and wit and understanding.

SERIAL

Surrender of Empire

"*The Surrender of an Empire*," by Nesta H. Webster (Boswell Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.), went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of first-rate and fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the world in which we live so anxiously to-day. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history.

The League of Nations Covenant was accepted at a plenary session of the Peace Conference on April 28, 1919. The counsels of President Wilson were again allowed to prevail in the matter of the Treaty of Versailles, signed on June 28 of the same year, and including the Covenant of the League of Nations as its first twenty-six articles. With the ratification of the Treaty on January 10, 1920, the League began its official existence and held its first Council six days later.

This was, of course, the supreme error of the Allies which led to all the failures that henceforward attended every effort towards the restoration of Europe. To incorporate the Covenant of the League of Nations in the Peace Treaties was obviously to confuse issues from the outset. The province of these Treaties was to dictate the terms on which the Allies were prepared to lay down their arms, to formulate the conditions to be complied with by the enemy with regard to frontiers, reparations, disarmament and other matters connected with the present war. To combine a practical plan of this kind with a purely speculative scheme for preventing all wars in future was obviously absurd. But the absurdity of the whole thing went further still. Part XIII, Section I, of the Treaty of Versailles, dealing with the International Labour Office to be instituted by the League, opens with the words:—

Whereas the League of Nations has for its object the establishment of universal peace, and such a peace can be established only if it is based upon social justice.

This is followed by an enumeration of all the social reforms to be carried out with regard to hours of labour, sickness amongst workers, provision for old age, etc.

So the Treaty concluded with the enemy at the end of a four years' war was not only to ensure perpetual peace but to embrace a vast scheme for the reformation of the whole world!

Had a League of Nations been instituted after the Treaties dealing with the issues of the War had been signed and complied with by the enemy, as an entirely separate organisation, it might have become a great force for peace, and Germany could have been invited to take part in it once she had shown real evidence of the pacific spirit with which she was accredited by her advocates.

This was, in fact, the idea of one of the first supporters of the League, Monsieur Léon Bourgeois, who had sketched out the plan in a book published as early as 1910, and who in 1916 expressly stated:—

It is not a matter of establishing the League of Nations on the same day as the Peace Treaty; we are already agreed that there should be three periods—the first: establishment of the Peace Treaty; the second; execution of this treaty, a period during which we shall remain armed, and that until all the conditions of the Peace are fulfilled. Do not forget that amongst these conditions is the destruction of Prussian militarism. The limitation of German armaments must be one of the clauses imposed by the Peace Treaty. It is only after this second period that we contemplate the League of Nations coming into force.¹

This perfectly logical plan of procedure was, in fact, approximately the one adopted by the Peace Conference during President Wilson's absence in America in the spring of 1919; unfortunately on his return the representatives of the Allies allowed themselves to be stampeded by this so-called "idealist" into a course contrary to their better judgment. Mr. R. B. Mowat, in his admirable book, *European Diplomacy 1914-1925*, has described the contest that took place over this point, and adds that Clemenceau in his efforts to overcome his well-founded doubts as to the wisdom of this premature acceptance of the League, is said to have repeated to himself each morning on waking: "Georges Clemenceau, you do believe in the League of Nations."²

But though the Allies yielded, the United States remained unconvinced of the efficacy of President Wilson's panacea, and the Covenant of the League of Nations was finally rejected by the Senate in March 1920.

It is customary to excuse the failure of President Wilson on the score of "idealism." But to speak of Idealists in contradistinction to Realists is misleading. Realists are not necessarily devoid of ideals. The true difference is between Realists and Unrealists. It is not because they have ideals that impracticable dreamers are a danger, but because they will not face realities. President Wilson proved disastrous to the Peace Conference not because he indulged in dreams of universal peace, but because he chose a course directly contrary to their realisation, by playing into the hands of Germany. The way to ensure peace was to strengthen the hands of peace-loving nations. President Wilson set out to weaken them. By the action of these Unrealists the great hope of the Allies, formulated as "a just and lasting peace," was shattered. As a witty Frenchman observed whilst the Peace Conference was sitting in Paris:

¹ Speech delivered by M. Léon Bourgeois at the meeting of the Comité National d'Etudes Politiques et Sociales, on November 13, 1916. Published in the collected speeches of M. Léon Bourgeois, *Le Pacte de 1919 et la Société des Nations*, pp. 13-14.

² *European Diplomacy 1914-1925*, p. 143.

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"La Conférence de la Paix va nous donner une guerre juste et durable."

* * * *

The two questions of German reparations and French security formed the basis for nearly all the disputes that have taken place between the Powers since the War. If at the Peace Conference the security of France had been definitely assured as an issue of the first importance; if the total amount of Germany's indebtedness had been unalterably fixed at the same time, or even if the decision taken two years later had been adhered to, and Britain had resolutely stood by France in enforcing the conditions to which they had mutually agreed—the crisis which came very near to a rupture of the Entente need never have arisen, and the restoration of Europe could have proceeded peacefully.

* * * *

But this would, of course, have deprived the politicians of many charming holidays, for they were always singularly happy in their choice of meeting-places. Posterity will read with bewilderment of the unending series of Conferences and committees that succeeded each other during the years following the Peace—San Remo, Lympne, Spa, Paris, London, Lympne again, Cannes, Genoa, The Hague, to mention only the principal Conferences that took place between 1920 and 1923, carried out with much blowing of trumpets and at vast expenditure. Palace Hotels, festive weeks in Paris with free motor runs and new frocks for the pretty secretaries who accompanied the delegations, languorous days amidst the palms and pine trees of the Riviera—all leading to what? Only to more Conferences and more committees.

The generous British public, struggling to adjust itself to heavy taxation, and to the increase in the cost of living that followed on the War, smiled patiently as it read in the papers accounts of the glorious treats for which it was paying; but France, which has never understood the British habit of taking one's pleasures sadly and one's troubles frivolously, was less indulgent and, declaring that she did not send Monsieur Briand to Cannes in order to play golf with Mr. Lloyd George but to discuss reparations and security, recalled the erring minister to Paris and replaced him by the less genial Monsieur Poincaré. It was with Monsieur Poincaré, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd George had to reckon at Genoa—but that is a story that must be reserved for a later chapter.

* * * *

Whilst the representatives of the Powers debated under the cobalt skies of the Riviera, the League of Nations had laid out another pleasant playground for all those who wanted to take a hand in settling the affairs of Europe. Geneva with its smiling lake and flowery mountain-sides, had always been a favourite resort of world reformers. The members of the First International had spent many happy days there planning the downfall of capitalism during the sixties of the last century, and it was again at Geneva that the Second Inter-

national was reconstituted three months before the League of Nations took up its abode there.

Geneva thus provided not only the right geographical position as neutral territory for the League to hold its Assemblies, but the right atmosphere of Internationalism created by its predecessors in the planning of Utopias. Here, as at the Conferences of the Powers, no expense was spared. Magnificent palaces beside the blue waters of Lac Lemman were utilised to accommodate the enormous staff composing the Secretariat (the Palais des Nations), and also that of the International Labour Office decreed by the Treaty of Versailles¹ which was hailed by Mr. Tom Shaw at the aforesaid meeting of the Second International as "the greatest practical result achieved by international Socialism."²

What return has the League of Nations made for the vast expenditure incurred during the past ten years? The exact truth is difficult to ascertain, owing on the one hand to the extravagant claims put forward by its partisans, and on the other to the violent denunciations of its opponents. That it has been of use as an international civil service would be generally admitted. It has also provided the necessary machinery for giving Mandates, of which the success in certain cases has, however, proved of doubtful value. But against these achievements must be set the complications it has introduced into the affairs of Europe. The initial error of incorporating it in the Peace Treaties has never been retrieved. Owing to this confusion of issues at the outset, the League has been enabled to go far beyond its province and to act as a sort of power behind the throne. Instead of confining its activities to the prevention of future wars, it has served to weaken the decisions reached by the Allied Powers with regard to questions arising out of the past War. In this way it has provided Germany with a loophole for evasions by constituting a permanent Court of Appeal to which she could carry all her grievances instead of complying with the conditions imposed on her. It has further provided a permanent platform for international wrangles and for creating friction between the Allies. The quarrels that have taken place within the League itself have not been calculated to inspire confidence as to its ability to usher in the Millennium. These dissensions have always enlivened the deliberations of the advocates of universal brotherhood. Mr. Hyndman has described how at a Congress of French Socialists the fraternal delegates had to be housed in separate buildings lest they should come to blows.

The League of Nations, backed by the League of Nations Union, in which, in spite of the Conservatives figuring on its Executive, Socialist influence largely prevails, has fallen a prey to the same discords. Whether it has acted as an instrument for international peace is open to question. The League of Nations Union claims that the

¹ Part XIII, Section I, arts. 387-411.

² *Morning Post*, August 7, 1920.

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League has averted a dozen wars. How many of these wars would have been averted without its agency it is impossible to decide; we can all remember threats of wars that failed to materialise in the bad old days before the League existed. The League, at any rate, did not prevent the clash between Hungary and Roumania, between Poland and Lithuania, or between the Arabs and Jews in Palestine. Nor did it prevent the violation of the rights of peaceful populations, notably in the case of the subjugation of Georgia by the Bolsheviks, although Georgia, already a Socialist Republic, was officially recognised by the League and appealed to it to support its right to independence.

* * * *

When the Russian Revolution of March 1917 burst upon the world it found both Press and public of Western Europe in almost total ignorance of its real meaning and purpose. Even by the most Conservative journals in this country it was hailed as the dawn of a new era for Russia which must contribute powerfully to her value as an ally. The pro-Germanism that prevailed in certain circles of Russian society had led to the idea that the Russian Court was wholly permeated with German influences and, therefore, that the fall of the monarchy would remove all obstacles to the Allied cause and bring the War speedily to a victorious end.

Only a year earlier, when the question of Mr. Asquith's removal from the Premiership was agitating this country, the one objection habitually raised was the danger of "changing horses in the middle of a stream." Yet no one seemed to remember this axiom when it became a question of changing the whole government of the Russian Empire, of overthrowing every national institution and replacing them by a band of untried revolutionaries, in the middle of the greatest war in history. The fact is that propaganda had been carried on so long and systematically against "Tsarist Russia"—by the Jews before the War and by the Germans whilst it was in progress—that a totally false conception of conditions in Russia had been created.

It may therefore be of interest to quote some extracts from an account of pre-war Russia given by Mr. Stephen Graham in 1915. As this article appeared in the *Herald*, later to become the *Daily Herald*, it can hardly be suspected of monarchist bias, nor does it appear to have met at the time with any refutation.

I would like to make an appeal to readers of this article to give Russia their attention, read Russian books and try to get some understanding of the life of this great people. It is by no means the sort of life that pro-Germans in this country would like you to believe. It is above all things a peaceful, happy life.

There is, for instance, much less crime in Russia than there is in other countries; for one murder in Russia there are ten in the United States of America, and . . . except under martial law, there is no capital punishment in Russia. . . .

We hear a great deal of the troubles of Poland and Finland, and the Russian revolutionaries of the great

cities, but lose sight of the vast peace of the great Russian nation. We need to get into perspective for Russia.

But even as regards the Russian Government there is no need for pessimism in this country. Many people hold that the Government is steadily reactionary. That is merely the parrot-cry of the enemies of Russia. The Russian Government tends to become steadily more and more representative of the Russian people. . . .

Alexander II . . . drew up . . . a constitution, the draft of which was in his pocket waiting for signature, when he was blown to bits by revolutionaries. The Russians waited forty years for a Duma; but they got it then, and the Duma is to-day an established Russian institution, which will probably overtake our own House of Commons in effectiveness. . . .

Throughout the winter the Germans have made ceaseless efforts to detach the Russians from the alliance with France and England; but the Russian Government has remained as staunch a friend of our Government as the Russian people is of our people. In this chain of great events and circumstances it is possible to see the way Russia is moving and what a good and splendid thing our friendship with her is both for us and her.—(*Herald*, April 3, 1915.)

This may be a "rosy view," but it must at any rate be admitted that the writer was a man who knew Russia intimately and the historical facts he quotes admit of no dispute. The schools, crèches, hospitals and other institutions of which the Bolsheviks boast are no innovation, but existed under far better conditions in pre-war Russia. The care and devotion shown to the wounded by the women of the Russian Court and Royal Family throughout the War were unsurpassed in any country.

* * * *

Although the Provisional Government, established under Prince Lvov on the outbreak of the Revolution (March 11, 1917) was Constitutional and pro-Ally, the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, created a few days earlier, formed a rival government comprising strongly revolutionary elements that threatened at every turn to overthrow law and order. From the outset, therefore, there was no security.

Moreover, the result of this seizure of power by the Soviet was to produce a violent repercussion in the west of Europe. In May the International Socialist Bureau at Stockholm—which carried on the work of the Second International until its official reorganisation in 1920—sent out an invitation to the Socialists in the countries of the Allies to a meeting for the purpose of launching a "peace offensive." The Russian Soviet followed this up a few days later by inviting the Socialists of all countries to meet and discuss peace. It was then decided to send a "Labour" delegation from Great Britain to Russia via Stockholm, and amongst the delegates chosen were Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Jowett, nominees of the I.L.P. The Foreign Office, under Lord Robert Cecil, granted passports in spite of the urgent telegram of protest from the British Workers' League, signed by Mr. J. A. Seddon. The Government, however, decided that it would be advisable to give the Russians an opportunity of meeting representatives "of all sections of British thought" and remained deaf to this appeal, but the sailors of the

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National Seamen's Union took the law into their own hands and refused to navigate the ship that was to carry Mr. MacDonald and his fellow I.L.P.er to Stockholm.

Three days later (on June 3) a "stop-the-war" Conference took place at Leeds, convened by the I.L.P. and B.S.P. (British Socialist Party), and supported by all the most violent revolutionaries and future members of the Communist Party—Tom Mann, Arthur MacManus, William Gallacher, Sylvia Pankhurst and others; as well as by members of the Parliamentary Labour Party—Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Charles Roden Buxton, etc.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who moved the first resolution, congratulating the people of Russia on the success of their revolution, went on to describe a union amongst the democracies which would "enable them to march out and subdue the world to the worker, to whom it ought to belong."

As a means towards this end the fourth resolution was proposed by Mr. W. C. Anderson, M.P., advocating the inauguration of "Workers' and Soldiers' Councils" on the Russian model. The proposal was agreed to and a committee appointed to organise the movement, but either it failed to materialise or went underground, for nothing more was heard of it until January, 1919, when a paragraph in the *Daily Herald* suggested that this organisation was in existence.

It was this June of 1917 that Lord Robert Cecil, then in charge of the Foreign Office, elected to send Mr. Henderson, a leading member of the Party that was identifying itself with all the most extreme revolutionaries in this country, out to Russia in order to replace Sir George Buchanan as representative of His Majesty in Moscow. No hint of this, however, was given in Lord Robert's telegrams to the ambassador, announcing the arrival of the Labour leader. On the contrary, it was explicitly stated: "There is no question of your being recalled." Mr. Henderson was only to visit Russia on a special mission in order to inspire confidence in Russian workers with regard to the democratic aims of Great Britain, and it was suggested that Sir George should start a little later for a visit to England. It was left to Mr. Henderson

himself to inform Sir George on his arrival that "he would have to go." On closer acquaintance, however, he appears to have come to the conclusion that Sir George Buchanan was as representative of democracy as himself, and decided to keep him on. In the course of a conversation with Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions (Sir George relates), Henderson said: "I have decided to leave Buchanan."

Such a procedure is surely unparalleled in the history of British diplomacy, and it was that of a Conservative Assistant Foreign Secretary. For this lowering of ambassadorial prestige Mr. Lloyd George cannot therefore be held entirely to blame. Sir George Buchanan, however, seems to have felt only passing annoyance at the insult, and as soon as he had recovered his equanimity pronounced Henderson a very good fellow. The intended ambassador thereupon completed his mission by conferring with the Workers' and Soldiers' Council, which was the nucleus of the Bolshevik organisation that a few months later was to gain the upper hand, and early in July returned to England.

A further attempt was now made to organise an international Socialist Conference at Stockholm in August, but the British Government decided that it could not permit delegates from Great Britain to meet enemy subjects. The Labour Party, how-

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ever, resolved to proceed with the arrangements for the Conference, and Mr. Henderson, although a Cabinet Minister, went over to Paris with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to discuss matters with the French Socialists. A special conference of the Labour Party was then convened for August 10 and, according to Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Henderson now gave the latter the assurance that he would use all his influence to prevent representatives of the Labour Party from meeting enemy delegates. At the conference, however, he strongly expressed the opposite view, and urged that the Labour Party should send delegates to Stockholm. As a result, he was obliged to resign from the Cabinet on August 11, his line of conduct having deprived him of the support even of his Labour colleagues in the House of Commons.

Meanwhile matters were going from bad to worse in Russia. The Bolsheviks, or Left Wing of the Social Democratic Party, constituted only a minority amidst the rival factions of which the Social Revolutionaries were by far the most numerous. But in April of that year the Bolsheviks had been reinforced by the arrival of their old leader Lenin, and some 200 of his followers, in the famous sealed train which conveyed him back to Russia from Switzerland, where he had been living. At about the same time, Trotsky arrived from the United States, followed by over 300 Jews from the East End of New York, and joined up with the Bolshevik Party. On July 17 this faction attempted a *coup d'état* which was suppressed, and the leaders—Lenin, Trotsky and Zinoviev—fled to Finland. But in October they returned, and on November 7 brought off a successful rising, overthrew the Provisional Government under Kerensky and formed another, under the name of "The Council of People's Commissaries," with Lenin as First Commissary and Trotsky as Commissary of Foreign Affairs, to act under the Central Committee of the All Russian Congress of Soviets.

* * * *

The Brest-Litovsk Treaty contracted between the Germans and the Bolsheviks on March 3, 1918, which put Russia out of the War and left Germany free to concentrate on the Western Front so as to launch her great offensive of March 18, was the supreme triumph of German intrigue. At the same moment the Bolsheviks issued a Manifesto which was greeted with rapture by Socialists in this country. Dr. Alfred Salter wrote: "It is agreed on all hands that more was achieved for the world at Brest in three weeks, by the enunciation of principles and ideals by Trotsky and his colleagues, than had been accomplished by the Allies in three years of war." One thing, certainly achieved at Brest, was a Treaty that proved a supreme disaster to Russia. This humiliating surrender was not merely a betrayal of the Allied cause and of the 1,700,000 Russian soldiers who had died to defend it, but of Russia herself, who, by the conditions imposed on her, lost vast territories and a large proportion of her most valuable

industries. Chicherin himself described it as an "outrageous treaty."¹

It was thus that from March, 1918, onwards the Allies were faced by a dual menace—German Imperialism and Russian Bolshevism openly working together for their destruction. Under these circumstances it was necessary to give support to the loyal forces led by Admiral Koltchak in the East and General Denikin in the South of Russia, in order to prevent the Germans from using all the resources of Russia against the Allies. This was the beginning of that "intervention" in Russia—at first by force of arms and later by the supply of arms, munitions and money—which became the subject of so much controversy. Mr. Lloyd George, whilst at first recognising the necessity for intervention, refused to adopt the policy of ostracism which alone could have brought about the downfall of the Bolshevik Government. The French, who saw this clearly from the outset, proposed drawing a *cordon sanitaire* round Russia, which would serve a double purpose by discrediting the Bolshevik Government in the eyes of the Russian people and by preventing the Bolshevik infection from spreading to the rest of Europe.²

¹ Note of Tchitcherine (i.e. Chicherin), People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs of the R.S.F.S.R., to President Wilson, 1918.

² This was also advocated by Colonel Archer Shee in the House of Commons on June 7, 1920. *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. cxxx, col. 178.

[Previous extracts have been published on May 20th and 27th]

Next Week's Broadcasting

THE holiday period has begun, and is already leaving its mark on the programmes. There will be no Symphony Orchestra as such, but the various members not on holiday are to be reshuffled into yet more Alphabetical sections.

More work, however, falls to the lot of the Outside Broadcast Department. No sooner have the Derby and the Trooping of the Colour been dealt with, than the Festival of Music and Drama from Canterbury (National, June 8th, 8 p.m.) and the Tattoo (National, June 10th, 9.35 p.m.) are upon them. The whole Tattoo cannot obviously be broadcast, since some of the items are purely visual.

The interludes from the Studio, which, in the past, have been used to fill the gaps, have not been entirely successful, and it is satisfactory to learn that this year it has been found possible to relay during one such period of silence the Ceremony of the Keys from the Tower of London.

There will also be included in one of the intervals a Recital of Marching Songs led by Stuart Robertson. No better artist could have been chosen. He has a fine voice, with perfect diction and faultless rhythm and phrasing—in fact, we shall hear a musician as well as a singer—a rare combination these days.

ALAN HOWLAND,

CORRESPONDENCE

Curiosities of Drink

SIR,—Why is the law of the land so keen on making us drink more than we want to drink? May I give two instances of what I mean? In a Sussex village where I own a humble cottage there are two shops. One is licensed to sell beer, but only by the cask. Even in a heat wave I cannot tackle four and a half gallons—the shopkeeper's legal minimum—during a week-end, but the temptation is there for me to resist. A mile away is another shop—licensed to sell spirits. I don't drink whisky myself, but a friend is coming for the week-end, and hospitality suggests a night-cap. Half-a-bottle? "No, sir, we are not allowed to sell less than a quart."

Secondly, on the whole of the west-front at Bourne-mouth there is only one licence, granted to a first-class hotel with a solid family connection. All the rest—rows of them—have "to send out." Fancy sending out to the grocer's for a glass of port! Why is this? Apparently because the law declares that a licensed hotel must have a bar open to every casual passer-by, and many quiet "guest-houses," as they call themselves nowadays, have neither the facilities nor the desire to become "public-houses." There are other absurdities in our licensing laws, but these two have hit me in the eye lately. Publicity in the *Saturday* may here, and elsewhere, lead to reform.

Moderate Toper.

To Advertise England

SIR,—Next month London will be at home to a multitude of foreign visitors. Delegates to the International Congress of Building Societies, which opens on June 5th, and to the World Economic Conference, which opens on June 12th, will alone number well over two thousand, and will be drawn from over sixty different nations.

The presence of so many foreign visitors in our midst provides us with an excellent opportunity for a little "showing off." In London they will see in any case the gay social life of the "season." Can they also be shown—I believe it would interest them far more—the way in which we actually run our country?

As a nation we are still too apt to emphasise our shortcomings, and the foreigner in consequence takes us at our own valuation.

Dingle Foot.

House of Commons.

Seeing the Red Light

SIR,—All those who, like myself, have had to investigate road accidents will welcome the plea of Mr. Herbert Morrison, who speaks with experience as Minister of Transport in the Labour Government, to compel the use of a rear light on cycles in place of the ineffective reflector at present permitted.

It is significant that the worst hour for accidents according to statistics is between 10 and 11 o'clock at night. It is not the cyclists themselves who alone are the sufferers, but motorists are almost unanimous in saying that it is the cyclists without rear lights who cause great anxiety and strain, which in turn lead to reduced driving efficiency and dreadful accidents.

H. K. Oswald.

Late H. M. Coroner, County of London.

15, Thurloe Place, London, S.W.7.

SIR,—Mr. Cadogan Rothery has been a busy man just lately judging from the number of papers in which his recent letter has appeared with regard to cyclists' red rear lights.

I am particularly intrigued by his remark. "Surely it is high time we followed the Continent in this matter and so put a stop to the present dangerous state of our roads." If Mr. Cadogan Rothery is under the delusion that the enactment of a law for the fitting of red lamps on cycles will remove danger from the roads then the figures recently issued by the National "Safety First" Association will enlighten him.

The Report shows that in the six months July—December 1932, cyclists were involved in 678 collisions, of which 216 occurred during the hours of darkness. In 58 cases the cyclist was run down from behind. Only in 28 cases was the reflector ineffective or non-existent.

Therefore in 30 cases the cyclist was run down when it was admitted the reflector was effectively functioning. In effect, of 8,000,000 cyclists 28 were killed by inefficient reflectors. What does he say of the other deaths principally at the hands of motorists? Incidentally during the period under review 444 adults and 158 children were knocked down by motor cars—a law enforcing cyclists to carry red rear lamps would not have removed the danger to these 602 people. H. R. Watling. The British Cycle & Motor Cycle Manufacturers & Traders Union, Ltd.

"London University Questionnaire"

SIR,—You complain that the above has been sent through the post in ungummed envelopes to certain individuals and further that some of the questions are disgusting and immoral, dangerous to the ignorant and insulting to normal people. But, by publishing the questionnaire yourself, have you not immeasurably increased the harm which in your opinion has been done?

Moscow (like the Great War) can be blamed for many things but not for everything. These questionnaires (if they originated anywhere) are I believe of American origin. Lastly, may I remind you that this is not Russia, Italy or Germany where thought and ideas are controlled by the State, but free England.

G. W. R. Thomson.

Law Society's Hall, Chancery Lane.

[It is surely obvious that what is believed to be a danger should be exposed and that a policy of consent by silence is weak and worthless.—Ed. S.R.]

Humane Trapping

SIR,—I am glad to be able to report that this campaign, which is now world-wide, is making good progress.

Its object, as most of your readers know, is to inform people of the great cruelty involved in getting many furs, and also to let them know by means of a White List which skins have entailed a minimum of suffering.

I particularly want to strike a blow at cruel rabbit trapping before the next season begins. Over 50 millions are tortured in steel toothed traps and snares in England every year for food. Three quarters of these could easily be caught in long nets, if people can only be induced to adopt them. Other humane traps have recently been invented for all vermin. I now have a special leaflet describing these new devices with illustrations.

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CITY.—By OUR CITY EDITOR

STOCK Markets have been under conflicting influences, those of an international character being decidedly depressing. While Germany is threatening the peace of the world with flamboyant gestures, her bankers are endeavouring to prove to a Creditors Conference in Berlin that Germany is on the verge of bankruptcy and that the Standstill Agreement on her debts must be still further modified in her favour. American speculators continue to raise commodity prices but no move has come from Washington on the subject of War Debts and with June 15 rapidly approaching, the whole vexed question of default or payment may again plunge the international political situation into gloom. At home, on the other hand, there is further slight evidence of trade improvement and there has been an excellent response to a number of new issues of capital by industrial concerns.

South African Gold Mines

South African gold mining shares were at first bought from the Cape following the announcement of the taxation proposals contained in Mr. Havenga's budget. The South African Finance Minister has evolved an ingenious scheme for further benefits to the farming community of the Union at the expense of the gold mines which are to provide an additional £6,000,000 from new taxes. On a broad basis, these represent rather less than one-third of the additional profits accruing to the mines through the premium on gold, but it cannot be clearly seen for some time how they will affect individual mines, for the taxes are based on "standard" profits, calculated on a gold price of 84s. 9d. per ounce fine, with 10 per cent. added as compensation for the working of low-grade ores. The general opinion of dealers in the "Kaffir" market that the new taxes would not prove more onerous than the market had anticipated was revised on consideration of probable adverse effects on the high-grade mines, the shares of these companies being heavily offered.

Modder "B"

Modderfontein "B" Gold Mines is among the many Transvaal companies whose position has been changed by the departure of South Africa from the gold standard and the consequent rise in the price of gold in the Union. The lower ore reserve at the end of 1932 was stated to be due to portions of blocks having been eliminated from reserve on becoming unpayable. On a gold price of £6 per ounce fine, or thereabouts, gross profits have averaged over £100,000 per month this year as compared with about £90,000 last year, though the actual yield in gold has declined, so that the company is evidently treating a good proportion of low-grade ore. The 5s. shares are fairly steady around 21s. 6d., and the company paid dividends of 50 per cent. for 1932, so that they offer a better return than many in the list.

Rubber Share Outlook

Sir Eric Geddes' opposition to any rubber output restriction scheme, expressed at the annual meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, has aroused some indignation among the producing

interests, for it seems impossible to correct the adverse statistical position of the commodity without resorting to some compulsory restriction of output. But it has proved impossible to reach any agreement with the Dutch producers, and already, on the comparatively small improvement in the price of rubber, several of the Dutch estates have recommenced tapping operations, so that the outlook for rubber companies would really seem to lie in the "survival of the fittest," in other words, the low-cost producers. The sharp improvement in rubber to well over 3d. per lb. has brought activity in the shares, and attention has naturally centred upon the companies whose production costs are under 3d. per lb. Of the £1 shares of companies whose production costs are under 3d. per lb., Labu, Ayer Kuning and Sendayang have been in demand, the first-named having costs of only just over 2d. F.M.S., Highlands and Lowlands, Lumut, Seaford and Tanjong Malim have also received attention, while the shares of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, the barometer, which dropped as low as 5s. 9d. in 1932, now stand at well over £1.

City Real Property

Having regard to the effects of the depression upon office lettings, the shrinkage in revenue of the City of London Real Property Company, which owns and controls freehold and leasehold properties in the City of London and elsewhere, was comparatively small in the year to April 12 last. The net revenue balance of £347,438 compares with £291,197 for the previous year, and the ordinary dividend for the past year is 4 per cent., compared with 5 per cent. for 1931-32, £70,000 being utilised in creating a re-building revenue account. A year previously £50,000 was placed to reserve and £20,000 to freehold buildings replacement fund. The amount to be carried forward is unchanged at £193,073. The 4 per cent. ordinary dividend absorbs £240,000, and this company's 4 per cent. tax-free preference stock dividend for the year requires only £37,440. The preference stock yields little over 4½ per cent. at its present price, but, having regard to the very large cover for the dividend, it must be regarded as a gilt-edged property security.

World Economic Situation

"We are all very hopeful that the World Economic Conference, which is to assemble in London, will result in a more rational system of trading between Nations," said Sir George Paton at the meeting of British Match Corporation held recently. "As I view the economic situation, with which is closely allied the unemployment problem with all its misery and enormous cost," continued Sir George, "it will never be cleared up until we do something more than continue to live off one another. We must develop the vast resources of Canada, Australia, Brazil and other undeveloped spaces—our young people must go out into the World, as their forefathers did, and not stop at home looking for jobs that do not exist. The productive power of every Country is now so great that we hardly require one another (tariffs or no tariffs)."

COMPANY MEETINGS

EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD.

Competition within the tariff

Prices lower, not higher

The ordinary annual general meeting of the Ever Ready Co. (Great Britain) Ltd. was held on May 31 at Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N., Mr. Magnus Goodfellow (chairman and managing director) presiding.

The chairman, in the course of his speech, said: We can congratulate ourselves upon the successful conclusion of a year of many difficulties, which have been overcome by hard and persistent effort. Although foreign competition ceased a year ago—consequent upon the abandonment of the Gold Standard and the imposition of a tariff—several foreign manufacturers set up small manufacturing plants in this country. We therefore found ourselves faced by an increase in home competition, and it is satisfactory that we achieved so large an increase as 24 per cent. in our sales.

Illustrating the effects of our own price reductions to the public and of competition during the past two years, you will be interested to learn that production and sale, expressed in units, for the year under review was more than double the production and sale of the year ending March 31, 1931, whereas our profits only rose from £306,000 to £343,000. Before the protection of industry it was frequently stated that a duty imposed on any trade would be passed on to the consumer by increases in price. It is of great benefit to our business that our prices are in many cases lower, and in no case higher, than before the imposition of the import duty of 20 per cent.

It was in these circumstances, and a number of others to which I need not refer, that in the autumn of 1932 your directors finally decided upon the programme of development of a new process which is referred to in our report to you. While certain beneficial changes in formulæ will be made, we anticipate obtaining most benefit by a great advance in the mechanisation of manufacture, which should be followed by an important reduction in costs. This change will probably take some two to three years to complete, but during the present year we expect considerable benefits from the first manufacturing unit laid down.

The liquid resources of the company are strong, and will in due course be increased by the repayment of capital on this company's holding in the Ever Ready Trust, recently sanctioned by the shareholders of that company.

THE LISSEN INTEREST

I am able to make a good report to you on our investment of £200,000 in the Ordinary shares of Lissen Limited. The net profit for the year ended December 31, 1931, amounted to £94,000, which was improved to £174,000 for the year to December last. Sales from January 1 again show a substantial increase, and the outlook is encouraging.

Our own sales for April showed a small decrease, a substantial part of which was recovered in May. One cannot anticipate a continuance of so large an increase in our sales as we have been able to show in the past few years. Our efforts are now being directed to consolidating the position we have achieved, and I look forward to normal increases from year to year, brought about by the natural rise in consumption in the present uses of our products. Whether new uses will arise out of new discoveries the future will show; it will be sufficient if I say that we anticipate developing the use of dry batteries and other of our products in the commercial world and in the homes of the people.

In conclusion, I pay a warm tribute to the loyal, hard work of the managers, executive staff and workpeople.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the payment of the dividends as recommended was approved.

MODDERFONTEIN B. GOLD MINES, LTD.

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa.)

Report of the proceedings at the 24th Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders, held in Johannesburg on 27th April, 1933:—

THE CHAIRMAN (Mr. C. L. Read) said: Gentlemen,—The Directors' Report and Audited Accounts for the financial year ended the 31st December, 1932, which are brought under your consideration at this meeting, contain the usual ample details of the Company's operations during the year and of their financial results. A further record was established by the milling of 912,000 tons of ore. The recovery of gold and the working revenue per ton milled, at 5.607 dwts. and 23s. 11d. respectively, were the lowest yet recorded in the Company's history. Compared with the previous year's figures, the working revenue showed a falling off of 1s. 6d. per ton milled, and working costs were lower by 1d. per ton milled, at the very satisfactory figure of 15s. 9d.; the working profit totalled £372,327 2s. 3d., or 8s. 2d. per ton milled. After allowing for the sundry items of revenue and expenditure detailed in the Accounts, there was a total profit for the year of £396,357 9s. 4d., which, with the addition of the unappropriated balance of £275,127 7s. 4d. brought in at the beginning of the year, £466 12s. 3d. in respect of forfeited dividends, and a credit of £33,201 5s. 9d. on capital account, made a total of £705,152 14s. 8d. As stated in the Directors' Report, this was dealt with as follows:—

Dividends to Shareholders ...	£350,000 0 0
Government and Provincial Taxes ...	91,817 18 11
Further provision towards outstanding liability for Miners' Phthisis Compensation ...	7,073 0 0
Totalling ...	£448,890 18 11
And leaving a balance to be carried forward to 1933 of ...	256,261 15 9
	£705,152 14 8

The balance carried forward was £18,865 11s. 7d. less than that with which the year opened, and was represented by net cash to the amount of £167,286 4s. 10d., the remaining £88,975 10s. 11d. being made up of shares, stores and materials, debtors, etc.

As mentioned in the Directors' Report, some of the gold produced during the final month of the year was realised at an enhanced price, but the amount of additional revenue accruing therefrom was not ascertainable when the Company's books were closed. A special declaration of this additional revenue, amounting to £12,220 10s. 7d., was made on the 15th March, and it will appear in the Accounts of the current year.

The development accomplished during the year totalled 25,438 feet—an increase of approximately 5 per cent. on the footage of the previous year. As in past years, the work done was of a subsidiary nature, and the payable footage formed a comparatively small percentage of the whole. Of 20,860 feet sampled on reef, 4,285 feet were classed as payable, at an average value of 17.1 dwts. over a reef width of 23.3 inches. The payable ore developed totalled 344,890 tons, valued at 5.86 dwts. per ton. At the close of the year, the re-estimated ore reserve was 1,125,870 tons of an average value of 6.58 dwts. over a stopping width of 51.2 inches; these figures include 164,120 tons valued at 6.49 dwts. per ton comprised in shaft and safety pillars and not at present available for stopping. The decrease in the total reserve, compared with the previous year's figure, was 51,590 tons. As has been the case for several years, a great deal of prospecting was done on Upper Leaders, and these continued to supply a considerable tonnage of low-grade ore to the mill. No Leader tonnage was, however, included in the recalculated ore reserve. It is to be noted that the ore reserve calculations were made without taking into account the changed conditions introduced by the modification of the country's currency policy at the close of the year. Under present conditions it is estimated that, exclusive of Hanging Wall Leader tonnage, there are fully 1,400,000 tons of additional ore developed and available of an aver-

age value of 3.2 dwts. per ton which could be included in the payable ore reserve.

At the end of last December the Union of South Africa Government "went off" gold and, with general approval, adopted the policy of bringing South African currency practically to sterling parity and maintaining it at that level. The immediate effects upon Modderfontein B. Gold Mines, Ltd., were to increase the scale of monthly working profit to a material extent and to cause your Board to adopt a revised mining policy, of a nature calculated to prolong the period of profitable production. The increased price at which gold became realisable automatically reduced the pay limit applicable to the working of ore already developed in the mine or still awaiting development; in other words, a large tonnage of ore of a grade previously too low to be profitably handled was brought within the limit of profitable exploitation.

Effect was given to this policy by lowering the average grade of ore milled, which is clearly reflected in the following figures of the average recovery of gold per ton milled, viz. :—

Average recovery for the year 1932 ...	5,607 dwts.
Lowest recovery for any month of 1932 (Dec.)	5,433 "
Recovery for month of Jan., 1933 ...	5,141 "
" " Feb., 1933 ...	4,831 "
" " Mar., 1933 ...	4,53 "

As will have been seen from the quarterly report recently issued, the ore milled for the first three months of the current year totalled 226,000 tons, the gold recovered was 54,626 fine ounces, the average yield of gold per ton milled was 4.834 dwts., and the working profit amounted to £153,938. This last figure excludes the special declaration of £12,221 on the 15th March, which, with sundry other items, brought the total profit to £171,782.

The Directors' Report, Balance Sheet and Accounts for the year ended the 31st December, 1932, were adopted.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 37.

SUBJECT OF HAMLET'S MONOLOGUE; SO FAMOUS THAT NOT TO KNOW IT STAMPS ONE IGNORAMUS. WHETHER 'TWERE NOBLER TO MAINTAIN THE STRIFE, OR, CATO-LIKE, TO MAKE AN END OF LIFE.

1. From money payment clip a scottish isle.
2. Fabled she-monster, hideous, savage, vile.
3. He's lost his all who hoped to make his pile!
4. Intrude, or trespass, on another's rights.
5. Has played chief part in many famous fights.
6. Huge mammal of the main three times curtail.
7. And once a hot drink made with wine, not ale.
8. Mud with an overdose of water, eh?
9. Thorn in your thumb? Then we come into play.
10. O, hold me, some one, lest to be I cease!
11. Clip at each end a lofty Muse of Greece.
12. A giant grass to many uses turned.
13. Art by young Ganchos very early learned.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 36

Firmament¹
Osteopat²
Rupe³
Taciturnity
Heart-whole
Zilli⁴
Spendthrift
Cross-bow⁵
Patron
Unbeliever
Silk-worm
Merit⁶

- ¹ Gen. i. 6. ² A bone-setter in America, where manipulative surgery is legally recognised as a profession. ³ One of the wives of Lamech, and the third woman mentioned in the Bible (See Gen. iv. 19-22). ⁴ William Tell's weapon was the cross-bow, not the long-bow.

The winner of Acrostic No. 35 was "Shorwell."

Public Schools

BRIGHTON COLLEGE

AN examination will be held on 6th and 7th June, 1933, to elect to eight Scholarships varying in value from £50 to £15 a year. Full particulars on application to the Headmaster.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE

AN Examination will be held on October 25th, 26th and 27th, for eight Entrance Scholarships, value from £100 to £30, for boys under 14 on 31st December, 1933. For details apply The Bursar, Haileybury College, Hertford.

KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK

SCHOLARSHIPS and Exhibitions £60-£10. Examination, June 20, 21 at Preparatory School: Age, under 14 on 1st July. Ordinary fees £123 p.s. inclusive. Apply the Rev. the Headmaster.

TAUNTON SCHOOL, TAUNTON

AN examination will be held on June 13th and 14th for the award of four Entrance Scholarships: One value £80 per annum; one value £60 per annum; two value £40 per annum. All details from the Headmaster.

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COTSWOLDS.—The Old Bakehouse, Stanway, near WINCHCOMBE, Glos.

DROITWICH SPA. Park Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 38.

DROITWICH SPA. Raven Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 50.

FRESHWATER.—Freshwater Bay Hotel, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Telephone 47.

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